

# MERRY ENGLAND

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[MONTHLY]

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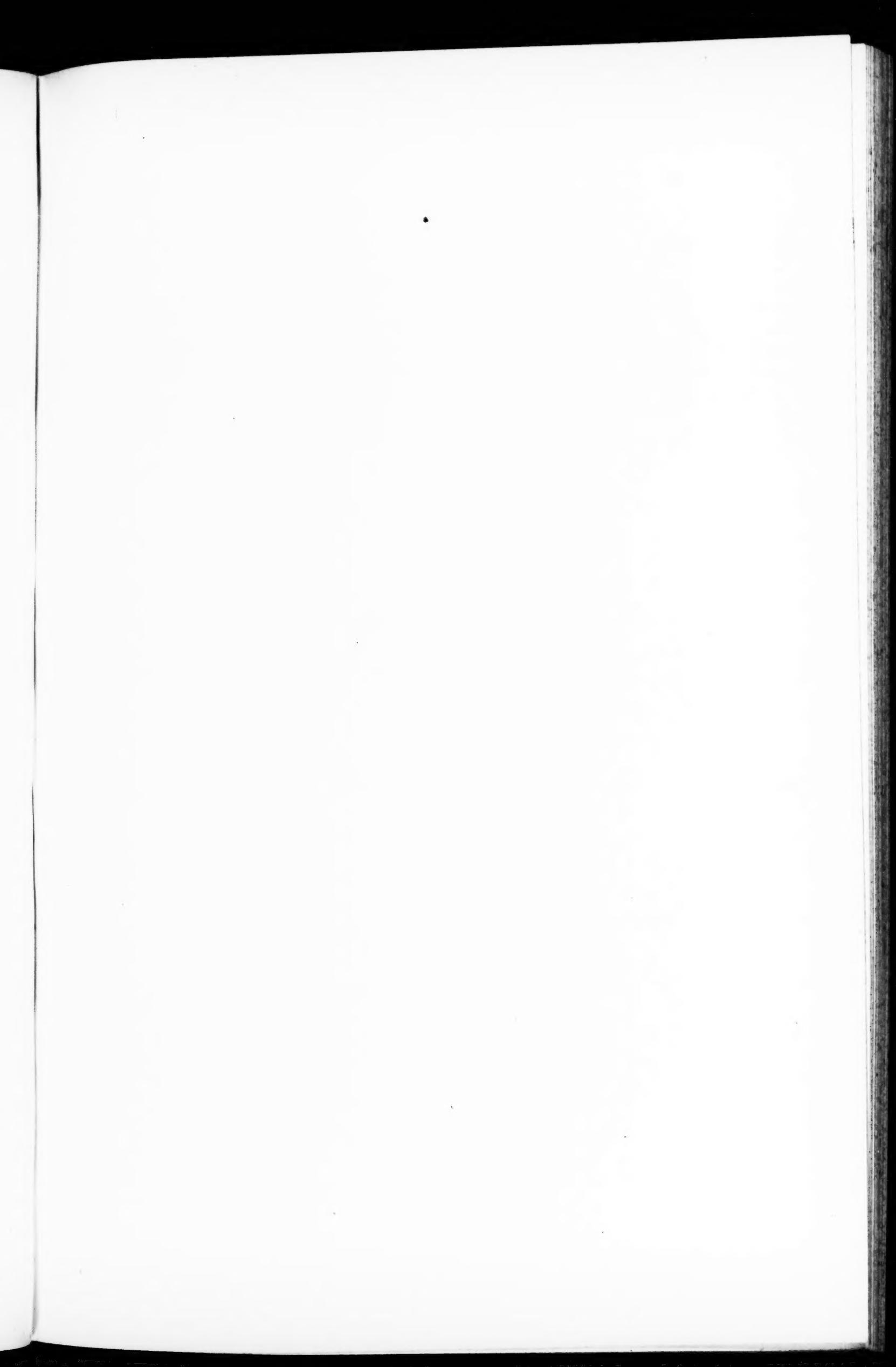
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MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP.

# MERRY ENGLAND

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JANUARY, 1886.

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## A Bishop of the Nineteenth Century.

THE nineteenth century was just two years old when, on the 2nd of January, 1802, the little village of St. Felix, in the province of Savoy, saw the birth of a baby who was afterwards to wear a French mitre in the eyes, not of France only, but of Christendom:—a Bishop who belongs to all future time, as becomes the Bishops of an immortal Church; but a Bishop who belonged to his century in a quite remarkable degree—moulded by it as a man, borrowing new zest from its thoughts and aspirations, and, in return, translating into its own tongue the majestic terms of religion which were fast coming to be regarded as archaisms. It was a great and necessary work to do, and there were few to do it. The little Savoyard who became in due time Bishop of Orleans had not only splendid qualities and gifts to fit him for the task, but also—what are often quite as important to the advancement of great things—certain defects and shortcomings which gave him special facility for his undertaking. Where a more ardent reformer and a yet further-seeing watchman might easily have shocked his comrades by his temerity, or unsettled them by his predictions, the cautious and conservative Bishop Dupanloup was able to win confidence and to inspire with courage. In his later life we cannot but think that he had hardly a thought

which divided him from the great Lacordaire ; but it had taken him many years to reach the point from which Lacordaire made his start. But the powers of statesmanship and of initiation seemed to come to the Abbé Dupanloup as part of his episcopal gift of grace. From first to last his character was a progressive one, and it is this gradual unfolding of his character which gives so great an interest to his biography as told by the Abbé Lagrange—volumes recently done into English by Lady Herbert of Lea.

Great men have always been and had great friends. From his earliest years the Bishop of Orleans was capable of those tender friendships which consoled and beautified the last days of his eventful life. “ His friendships as a boy,” we are told by his biographer, “ were extraordinarily warm,” and in later life, writing of a military festival in Paris, at which he missed the companion he had counted on, the Bishop himself declared : “ I was miserable without him, the pageant was nothing. Oh, one’s heart ! ” Friends might seem to be anywhere as plentiful as blackberries. Yet a man who throughout life has more than he can count on his fingers is hardly to be found—such is the loneliness and the self-concentration of the human heart. And only in great centres, with its teeming tens of thousands, will one man find another and another with whom he can form those absorbing friendships, than which, as Lacordaire says, “ nothing is more noble, more pure, or more elevating.”

And fortunately it was in a great centre that the lot of the little Felix Dupanloup was cast. All Savoyards look to Paris, and at the age of nine, accompanied by his mother, he journeyed in the rough cart which the poor woman’s narrow means afforded, to the great city which then saw the first Napoleon in the height of his power. The boy was sent to such schools as suited his mother’s means, and on Sundays he was taken to the catechism class at St. Etienne du Mont. The Bishop’s own

boyish experiences of this religious instruction were such as to influence his own apostolate to the young in later years. Recurring to this catechism class, he says: "I did not like it. The class was held by an old priest, whom we could scarcely hear. We were not in a separate chapel, but in the body of the church while everybody went in and out. In winter the cold of that big church was freezing. In a word there was nothing there to interest us or to give us any feeling of recollection, or to win our hearts to God. From this catechism class I was sent one day to make my first confession. I have no doubt that the priest was a very good man ; but he seemed to me to be a man of eighty years of age who listened coldly to my childish confessions without asking me anything, or saying anything to me, either kind or severe, and dismissed me with a simple penance. In a word, neither catechists nor confessors at St. Etienne du Mont were any pleasure to me, and I left them as soon as I could."

When, at the age of twelve and a half, he presented himself at St. Severin as a candidate for First Communion, he was refused as being too young—he might come back, they said, when he was eighteen ! What a picture his whole religious experience presents to us of the inertness and indifference which made the boys of that generation the infidels of the next.

But all those perilous years were not allowed to intervene between the boy and his best safeguards and consolations. In the year 1815, "with profound emotion," he crossed the threshold of St. Sulpice. At first he contented himself with looking on from the outer chapel. There all was done with decorum ; and the sight of three hundred lads learning catechism from lips trembling with love and sympathy for the little learners won the heart of the boy. He went home feeling that his conversion was begun. Shortly he was to be found among the learners. The singing of hymns was a great help and joy to him. "Certainly," he says, "it was the hymns which caused

the strongest feeling of piety in my heart." The kindness of the catechists was beyond measure of service to him. In later years, after describing the joy of his first Communion and of the holy associations belonging to it, he added : "The intense happiness of this time was due as much to the friendship of my catechists, as to the sense of my being right with God. The truth is, I revered God in them ; it was through them that I had learned to love Him." From that time, the future calling of Felix Dupanloup was sealed. "I gave up everything and everybody not in harmony with the feelings connected with my first Communion." To serve Masses at St. Sulpice became the day's chief delight. The companionship of the priests became dear to him. And instead of becoming a lawyer or an architect as he had dreamed in earlier days, he found himself a postulant in the "Little Community" established by M. Teyssiere. Three years later saw his entrance into St. Sulpice as a clerical student. It was there that he met, as he tells us, "that great spirit of the old Church of France : those beautiful and pure traditions of virtue, of sacerdotal wisdom, of respect, and of docility." It was there that he formed himself after the noble pattern of "those great men who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were the inheritors of the past greatness of the French clergy." The day before his own ordination as sub-deacon, he wrote to his mother, "I am calm and even gay. Although there may be something frightening in this step, I anticipate it with pure joy. I hope—and it is God Himself Who gives me this sweet and consoling hope—that He Who has called me to this high estate will give me grace and strength worthily to fulfil those high and onerous duties. As He has willed me to be a priest, I hope He will make me a holy priest. Pray, dear mother, for your son. God will assuredly hear your petitions." And Felix Dupanloup, like our own Frederick Faber, was "the child of his mother's prayers." A few days

before the Christmas of 1825, he was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Paris—Mgr. Quélen, and in the Church of the Carmelite convent, watered by the blood of the martyrs of the great Revolution, he said his maiden Mass.

At first the new Priest lived with the Archbishop, who believed him to be predestined for great things. At once he got to work as a catechist, all his own experiences aiding him in a work for which he had every natural qualification and which was crowned with extraordinary success. The catechisms at the Assumption became the hope of mothers. Space will not permit us to linger over his admirable methods; nor need we do more than merely note his appointment as Chaplain to Mme. la Dauphine, and as tutor to the Duc de Bordeaux and the Orleans Princes. His founding the Academy of St. Hyacinth, his work at the Madeleine, and his transference to St. Roch; his work as Superior of the little Seminary of St. Nicholas; his lectures at the Sorbonne; and his appointment as Vicar-General of the Paris diocese:—these events bring us down to the year 1840. Half his life was over by then. The unwearied catechist and the unrivalled teacher of youth was henceforth to come forward as a leader of men. Not that we would speak of the former work as inferior to that which followed. Monsignor Dupanloup would have been the first to resent such an interpretation of his change of plans. He knew from his own experience how faulty and short-sighted is a system which tells off young and unseasoned clerics for the supervision of catechism classes—as though it were not the highest and the noblest work of all. And all through his life, in the government of his great diocese, he was a Bishop who never forgot that he himself had been a boy.

But there was great work waiting to be done, which he alone could do. The alliance of religious with secular education began to form in France a battle-ground, on which the opponents of Christianity, taking in vain the name of liberty,

ranged all the forces of intolerance against parental freedom. It was a war against little children, against holy childhood, and the Bishop of Orleans came out as the natural leader of the defenceless little ones. He had toiled for them in the obscurity of the class-room for half a lifetime. For the other half he was to be their champion in the sight of the world : speaking for them in the senate ; writing for them in the Press, and in pamphlets which reversed the ordinary law of failure governing their group in the great literary family ; constant in conference for them ; instant in prayer, and yet still always a student of their ways, and a close and loving observer of the new needs belonging even to infants in a new era. To follow him through that fight would be to join him in triumphs once or twice ; to share with him fatigues under which he nearly fell ; to suffer with him not only the open attacks of foes on his "violence," but also the impeachment, from the lips of intended friends like the *Univers*, of his "moderation." The cause was lost at last ; but it was the Bishop of Orleans who maintained it so long, and whose defence of education in its complete sense has left an impression on the heart and history of France, which may yet take shape and be formulated by a legislature weary at last of intestine feud, worn out with government by phrases, and sick to death with the surfeit of self-delusion.

The year 1845, which saw the conversion of Newman in England, saw in France the installation of Dupanloup as Canon of Notre Dame. "A new life has begun with me," he writes, "I must no longer think of the little seminary : all that is at an end. Many good things have been accomplished there ; but now silence, prayer, work, devotion to souls, preaching the Gospel, and zeal for great and general interests—this will fill up the years which God may still give me. Here I shall find strength, peace, dignity of life, security of conscience, consolation and hope." As a director he soon obtained a wide renown.

"One feels"—and the writer is Mme. Swetchine—"one feels in him an authority which protects, a voice which guides, and an arm on which one can safely lean. I never saw any anxiety equal to his for the souls whom God has confided to him." Many converts were made by him, and many Catholics came to him for advice—not his own countrymen only, but Russians, Englishmen, and others. In 1846 Cardinal Acton wrote to commend the late (obviously not the present, as the biography has it) Duke of Norfolk to the kindness of the Abbé Dupanloup as one who had a sympathy for the Catholic cause in England. His career as a preacher began about this time to be a great one. Singled out by discriminating strangers before, he now became an ecclesiastical "lion."

In 1849, M. de Falloux offered him the mitre for which his head was predestined. To leave Paris was bitter to him; but if the separation had to come, it could not be for a place more pleasant than Orleans was rendered by the greatness of the episcopal task which awaited him. In 1850 he began to issue those *Pastorals* which made history. Every subject, as it came up in those eventful years, big with importance for the Christian cause, was treated by him with speed and with directness, yet exhaustively and with moderation. The wonder grows on the reader of his biography how it was that one who wrote and spoke so much always wrote and spoke so well. What great prelates have done here at home, and especially one whom the Bishop of Orleans in some of his qualities constantly recalls to us, Monsignor Dupanloup did in his own diocese and in Paris—he established and contributed to an organ in the press. Of the *Ami de la Religion* he confessed in 1850 to M. de Montalembert—that great brother spirit—he had made "greater efforts of mind, heart, courage, patience and money for this work than for anything else on earth. But," he adds, "I have met with great disappointments in all. What appears to me certain, is the impossibility of succeed-

ing on account of the lack of men, and above all, of one man, a good editor." But one of his organs, *La Défense* outlives him, and has maintained his tolerant traditions in dealing with the great questions opened since the tomb closed over all that was mortal of this soldier of the Cross, who could wield all weapons in behalf of the Truth, and who realized that among these weapons the crozier was sometimes less effective than the pen. His acceptance of Academy membership—which he resigned later, when M. Littré was elected—was another outer means of gaining influence for the church of internal graces, and with those internal graces the Bishop himself never ceased to be deeply concerned. Not all this public effort, and not even the enormous labour which he undertook in the reorganization and government of his diocese, was allowed to interfere with that interior life which was his deep strength and his first love. To Monsignor Dupanloup as a Bishop, and to Monsignor Dupanloup as a fervent Christian, separate chapters should be devoted ; for in both capacities he was a model. Here and now it is sufficient to say that he resisted that last plausibility by which the busy man, in his vigilance for others, relaxes his hold upon himself. He was a man who never forgot he was a Bishop ; and a Bishop who never forgot he was a man.

Indeed there were many chapters of his life to be separately written ; for here one can merely mention him as the great missionary of womanhood—by his books on the education of women, and by his addresses to mothers ; or as patriot when the Germans were billeted in his palace, or when he defended the fame and sanctity of Joan of Arc ; or as sound politician, when his common-sense reproved the Count de Chambord for making the inviolability of the White Flag of more importance than the interests of France, which needed his rule ; as a member of the National Assembly fighting for Christian education, and for the independence of the Pontiff. We

would willingly linger over his friendships—especially those with the great Montalembert, and with Lacordaire—Lacordaire who had more foresight than the Bishop, and had with it a humility which took remonstrance and reproof with angelic sweetness. There was just a touch of well-intentioned boorishness in the tone of some early letters of Dupanloup to Lacordaire, letters which would have severed the sympathy of anyone less devoted to Truth and personally less charming than the young Dominican orator. In later life, the two men came more closely together, though the Bishop grudged Lacordaire his dreams of a free Italy which should leave still intact the patrimony of the Popes. The *might-have-beens* of history are sufficiently interesting to speculate about; but the speculation is of a barren order; yet we confess that the Abbé Lagrange would have pleased us by some attempt to trace what might have been the effect of an adoption, in early days, of that programme of Lacordaire and Montalembert in regard to the French Church, which was then supposed to infringe her liberties and privileges, but which would be gratefully accepted now as a sort of emancipation by the whole Episcopate. Lacordaire had nearly everybody against him in those early days; but posterity and the sad facts of history are on his side.

The Bishop's visits to Rome were frequent, and he was the great favourite of the Holy Father. It was this affection between the Pontiff and himself which made him feel deeply pained by the necessity imposed on him by his conscience to join the Inopportunists of the Vatican Council. "Ah!" he wrote, "there is no doubt that to appear in the sight of the whole Church to side with the Holy Father, to second his views, to be honoured with his kindness and approval, would be far easier and far sweeter than the bitter task imposed on my conscience by a stern sense of duty." His bearing throughout was that of a great Bishop, fearless in council, but, when

the time came, fearless also in submission. "I think," writes Cardinal Lavigerie, "that no one ever saw in the Church a more decided opposition, and then a more decided triumph of unity. These same men, eminent from their position, their virtues, and their talents, who had given such strong opinions while the question remained an open one, at once astonished the whole world by their simple and unreserved submission to the Council's decrees. Not one remained behind. We saw those great German Bishops, so full of ardour and eloquence, become the martyrs of the definition they had so strongly resisted. They were not content with obeying, they defended, even in chains and imprisonment, the dogma proclaimed by the Council. Such also was the conduct of the French prelates ; and the honour of the Bishop of Orleans is precisely this—that, to the extreme ardour he had shown in the struggle, the most humble and entire adhesion immediately followed."

Then came an event in which French and German bishops could no longer fight and submit side by side—the Franco-German war. The bishop returned from what was perhaps his only sad visit to Rome, to find overwhelming disasters at his very doors. But, as he had always done before, so now he rose to the occasion. Henceforth his work was among the wounded—the wounded in body on the field of battle ; and then, in the Senate, he defended the Catholic population wounded in conscience by laws directed against the Christian name. He did not live long enough to see the worst. That was to come after the veteran soldier had been called to his reward.

The story of his last days is best told in the words of those who were about him.

We feared for his days on earth [writes one of the most trusted of these] when we heard him talk of God, or saw him at his prayers, or heard his Mass. Everything about him revealed in a stronger way than I ever remarked before, that burning and vehement faith which used to strike even indifferent people, and produced a visible impression on free-thinkers. Sometimes an emotion which, in his weakness, he could not control, made his hands tremble and his voice break. Now and then a thrilling word

would burst from those lips, though in a tone which was almost inaudible. He thus betrayed the secret of those earnest utterances of love and intercession, of which one can only say in his own words, "*His soul burst forth in a cry.*" Everything about him made us realise his close union with God. That faithful and fervent sacerdotal life, which had been our edification for so many years had acquired an intensity and a brightness which gave it a new charm. Very often in the day we found him in the chapel absorbed in prayer; and when he came out, one felt there was a sweetness and a calm which seemed to exhale like a perfume from his soul. . . . One would say that he was already living in the region of infinite charity. . . . This disposition showed itself not only in his special intercourse with us, which was always marked by the same tender indulgence, but in his way of dealing with the affairs of the Church, where he now only intervened to conciliate men's minds. His most earnest desire now was a cessation of irritating controversies between Catholics and their union around the great Pontiff whom God had given to His Church. The human vivacity which formerly mingled with his zeal for justice and truth was now absorbed in an ever-increasing sweetness. One might have said that the intrepid angel of the battle had become an angel of sweetness and peace.

It was in this mood of sweetness that, unaware of the gravity of his illness, he grew anxious to see Leo the Conciliator; but he was obliged to relinquish all thought of undertaking a journey, and his disappointment was in some measure assuaged by the receipt of a Brief, in which the Pontiff spoke of the Bishop's works as "the glory of the Church and the consolation of the Holy See." It was now the late autumn of the year 1878, and the end was near at hand. Again we recur to the words of an eye-witness of those affecting scenes:—

It was one of the last evenings he was to spend on earth. I was in the chapel when I heard him painfully making his way down the passage; and opening the door I saw him come in and try to kneel before the tabernacle. After a few moments he had to give it up, and sat down heavily on a chair as if completely exhausted. I watched in silence and awe that last intercourse between this great soul and his Lord . . . I seem to see him still absorbed in prayer by the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp, itself on the point of being extinguished. I listened to his gasping breath and his broken ejaculations of love and piety, which seemed to me like the last cries of his heart. On Friday the 11th October he had had a few hours of refreshing sleep, and felt better. At eight o'clock he read some of the "Life of St. Vincent de Paul," sitting in an arm-chair by the window, which he had opened wide to see the beautiful view of the Alps lit up by the bright sun.

He did not complain at all, but was bright and calm, and grateful for every little thing done for him. He smiled upon us all as we came near, and seemed as if he were waiting for something—he was indeed waiting for God's call. . . . He went on praying and working as usual, his trembling hand turning over the pages of his MS. (which was his work on the Education of Young Girls), and now and then he stopped to play with the child, who as usual had seated himself close to his writing-table. He even corrected some proofs of his book, which the editor received the next day with the news of his death. At one o'clock he took his breviary, and said the whole of it. . . . At two o'clock the post came, and he read his letters: among the rest one from Rome about the Holy Father. "What a grace for the Church to have such a Pope!" he exclaimed—and he compared the mission of Leo XIII. in the nineteenth century with that of St. Callixtus II. in the twelfth. Then referring to some controversy between Catholics he said: "We must try and moderate all that, and bring about union among all men of good will." After his dinner at three o'clock they carried him into the drawing-room, and he begged one of us to go on with the reading of the day before, to which he listened with fixed attention, often interrupting the reader with his remarks. The sun had just set; his favourite mountains were glowing with rose-coloured hues: he cast a last look upon them, and then begged to be taken back to his own room, when he said to Abbé Chapon: "I am afraid I shall not be able to go to the chapel to-morrow morning—you must bring me our dear Lord here." To make the preparations required for this ceremony, they went to fetch the crucifix which had belonged to the Abbé Hetsch, and placed it on the table which was to serve as an altar. He recognised it at once, and exclaimed: "Oh, thank you! what a pleasure you have given me!"

A few minutes later one of the guests at Lacombe, a young man whom a great sorrow a few years before had touched, wished to make his confession once more to the Bishop. Mgr. Dupanloup heard him, and spoke to him with his usual clearness, goodness, and sympathy. Then Abbé Chapon read him some pages on "Joseph le Maistre." It was then half past six. He interrupted the reading, and expressed such joy at having "got himself right with his breviary." Then he took his rosary and began to say it, and Abbé Chapon left him and went to his room. Having finished his rosary, the Bishop went back to his MS.: his old servant Jules, who often acted as his secretary, was close to him. But after a few minutes' work he felt a sudden suffocation, and a cry escaped him, while he raised his hand quickly to his breast. Abbé Chapon, who had a presentiment of his danger, heard the cry, rushed in, and saw the Bishop in his agony, so that he at once gave him absolution. Then they gave him some ether, and the dying man revived a little. Abbé Chapon then said: "God sees how much you suffer. You will offer up these sufferings in union with those of our Lord, will you not?" "Yes—yes!" he exclaimed with a strong voice, and an accent of faith and love which I shall never forget. Abbé Chapon then said that he was going to recite the Act of Contrition and give him absolution. He answered by joining his hands as in prayer, and then taking his pastoral cross he pressed it to his lips. Abbé Chapon then said: "My father! I am going to pray to the

Blessed Virgin for you in the *memorare* you love so much." "Yes—yes," he replied. After which Abbé Chapon gave him the plenary indulgence and the crucifix of Abbé Hetsch, which he fervently kissed. At that moment M. du Boys came in, and saw the Bishop supported by his faithful servant Jules, and by André (his own servant), while his dying lips were pressed to the crucifix. An instant later the Bishop gave a deep sigh, his head fell forward on his breast, and he expired "in presence of his oldest and youngest friends." His rosary was still in his hands. It was on a Friday, the 11th October, 1878, at five minutes before seven in the evening; he was almost seventy-seven years of age.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

## About Critics.

A CRITIC is a Judge: and more, he is a Judge who knows better than any author how his book should have been written, better than the artist how his picture should have been painted, better than the musician how his music should have been composed, better than the preacher how his sermon ought to have been arranged, better than the Lord Chancellor how he should decide in Equity, better than Sir Frederick Roberts how he should have pursued Ayoob Khan, better than the whole Cabinet how they should govern Ireland; and far better than the Pope how he should guard the deposit of faith. This, no doubt, needs a high culture, a many-sided genius, and the speciality of an expert in all subjects of human intelligence and action. But all that goes for nothing with a true critic. He is never daunted: never at a loss. If he is wrong, he is never the worse, for he criticises anonymously. Sometimes, indeed, the trade is dangerous. A well-known author of precocious literary copiousness, whose volumes contain an "Appendix of Authors quoted" almost as long as the catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, was once invited, maliciously we are afraid, to dine in a select party of specialists, on whose manors the author had been sporting without license. Not only was the jury packed, but the debate was organized with malice aforethought. Each in turn plucked and plucked until the critic was reduced to the Platonic man—*animal bipes implume*.

Addison says, somewhere in the *Spectator*, that ridicule is assumed superiority. Criticism is asserted superiority. Sometimes it may be justified, as when the shoemaker told Titian that he had stitched the shoe of a Doge of Venice in the

wrong place. Sometimes it is not equally to be justified, as in the critics of the Divine Government of the world, to whom Butler in his "Analogy" meekly says that, if they only knew the whole system of all things, with all the reasons of them, and the last end to which all things and reasons are directed, they might, peradventure, be of another opinion.

There are some benevolent critics whose life is spent in watching the characters and conduct of all around them. They note every word, and tone, and gesture: they have a formed, and not a favourable, judgment of all we do and all we leave undone. It does not much matter which: if we did so, we ought not to have done it; if we did not, we ought to have done so. Such critics have, no doubt, an end and place in creation. Socrates told the Athenians that he was their "gadfly." There is room, perhaps, for one gadfly in a city; but in a household, wholesome companions they may be, but not altogether pleasant. These may be called critics of moral superiority. Again, there are Biblical critics, who spend their lives over a text in Scripture, all equally confident, and no two agreed. An old English author irreverently compares them to a cluster of monkeys, who, having found a glowworm, "heaped sticks upon it, and blowed themselves out of breath to set it alight." We commend this incident in scientific history to whomsoever may have inherited Landseer's pallet and brush, under the title of "Doctors in Divinity," for the Royal Academy in next May.

This reminds us of the historical critics who have erected the treatment of the most uncertain of all matters into the certainty of science, by the simple introduction of one additional compound, their own personal infallibility. The universal Church assembled in Council under the guidance of its Head does not, cannot, and what is worse, will not know its own history, or the true interpretation of its own records and acts. But, by a benign though tardy provision, the science of history has

arisen, like the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, to recall the Church from its deviations to the recognition of its own true misdeeds. Such higher intelligences may be called and revered as the Pontiffs of the Realm of Criticism.

We are warned, however, not to profane this awful Hierarchy of superior persons by further analysis. We will, therefore, end with three canons, not so much of criticism as of moral common sense. A critic knows more than the author he criticises, or just as much, or at least somewhat less.

As to the first class: Nothing we have said here is *lèse majesté* to the true senate of learned, patient, deliberate, grave, and kindly critics. They are our intellectual physicians, who heal the infirmities of us common men. We submit gladly to their treatment, and learn much by the frequent operations we have to undergo. If the surgeon be rough and his knife sharp, yet he knows better than we, and the smart will make us wiser and more wary, perhaps more real for the time to come. There is, indeed, a constant danger of literary unreality. A great author is reported to have said: "When I want to understand a subject, I write a book about it." Unfortunately, great authors are few, and many books are written by those who do not understand the subject either before or after the fact. The facility of printing has deluged the world with unreal, because shallow, books. Such medical and surgical critics are, therefore, benefactors of the human race.

As to the second class, of those who know just as much as the author they criticise, it would be better for the world that they were fewer or less prompt to judge. The assumption of the critic is that he knows more than his author; and the belief in which we waste our time over their criticisms is that they have something to add to the book. It is dreary work to find, after all, that we have been reading only the book itself in fragments and in another type.

But, lastly, there is a class of critics always ready for anything, the swashbucklers of the Press, who will write at any moment on any subject in newspaper, magazine, or review. Wake them out of their first sleep, and give them something to answer, or to ridicule, or to condemn. It is all one to them. The book itself gives the terminology and the references, and the quotations which may be re-quoted with a change of words. We remember two critiques of the same work in the same week : one laudatory, especially of the facility and accuracy of its classical translations ; the other damnatory for its cumbrous and unscholarlike versions. The critic of the black cap was asked by a classical friend whether he had read the book. He said, "No, I smelt it." This unworshipful company of critics is formidable for their numbers, their vocabulary, and their anonymous existence. Their dwelling is not known ; but we imagine that it may be not far from Lord Bacon's House of Wisdom, the inmates of which, when they "come forth, lift their hand in the attitude of benediction with the look of those that pity men."

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop.

## What is "Pain Bénit"?

TRAVELLERS who have frequented churches in France during the celebration of High Mass, cannot fail to have noticed one or more large cakes of *brioche*, which have been presented with much ceremony to the officiating priest, and afterwards distributed among the people. There is nothing analogous to it in the Catholic churches in this country ; and it is not surprising that, not only non-Catholics, but Catholics themselves, have often been puzzled to understand what "Pain Bénit" really is. We have, indeed, been informed by a High Churchman from Oxford that being one Sunday in the venerable church of St. Nicholas at Boulogne-sur-mer, during High Mass, he took a portion of the "Pain Bénit" out of the basket which was handed to him, and eat it, firmly believing that he was receiving Communion. "But," he added, "I thought it was rather a disrespectful way of handing it about." And well he might, had it been as he conjectured.

The origin of "Pain Bénit," or blessed bread, is doubtful. Some students of Church history have supposed that it is a relic of the *agapae*, or love feasts of the early Christians, sacred repasts which were given by the primitive Church, and attended by the faithful through motives of love and charity. Migne says (*Discip. Eccles.*) that the *agapae* were instituted by the Apostles, for the special purpose of affording opportunity to the faithful to offer bread, wine, and other things to the Church for the use of the Mass. A portion of the bread and wine, so presented, was consecrated ; the remainder was afterwards consumed, in the church, by those present, and constituted a repast in common, or *agapae*. But these feasts were also partaken of

in private houses, and on particular occasions. In the end they led to abuses, and were prohibited by the Church.

Another, and more probable opinion, is that of the learned Père Lebrun, who considers blessed bread to be a vestige of the former *Eulogia*, or gifts accompanied by prayer and blessing which the Christians made one to another. Bread is a sign of intercommunion, since it is made of a number of grains of wheat united and mixed into one loaf; so Christians should be "one bread, one body," as St. Paul writes (1 Cor. x. 17).

The practice of sending bread and other *Eulogia* from one Christian to another appears to have obtained, especially in the fourth century. Reference to bread being thus sent is made by St. Gregory Nazianzenus (*Orat.* 19, tom. I., p. 306), by St. Augustine (*Ep.* 31 *al* 34 *ad Paulin.*), and by St. Paulinus (*Ep.* 41 *ad August.* and *Ep.* 45 *ad Alip.*).

It should, however, be borne in mind that although blessed bread may be an *Eulogia*, the term *Eulogia* was by no means confined to blessed bread. It was applied to all gifts which the faithful bestowed on one another, as marks of charity and friendship, and whether blessed or not.

Blessed bread having served at first as a token of union, and having been sent between Christians separated from each other by long distance, seems little by little to have been given as a similar sign to Christians assembled at the same Mass. Possibly this may have been done as a relic of the *agapae*, possibly also as a vestige of the *Eulogia*, but most probably of all, as Cardinal Bona suggests (*Rerum Liturg.* L. II., cap. xix. § v. 11), it was a distribution by the officiating priest, to those who had not been able to communicate, of so much of the bread as had not been consecrated. The Holy Eucharist was of course the most excellent of all signs of union, but it, nevertheless, was not to be received by all. Some were not prepared for it, some were otherwise prevented. That it was intended as a

figure of the Holy Eucharist is supported by the fact that it was not given to catechumens or to impenitent persons. It was to be eaten in the Church where it was distributed.

This view is also supported by the practice of the Greek Church. The Holy Eucharist being consecrated from leavened bread by the clergy of that communion (whether united or schismatic) the substance of the blessed bread is always at hand, whereas in the Latin Church, where unleavened bread is used for consecration, ordinary or leavened bread has specially to be procured when blessed bread is desired. It is not therefore surprising that blessed bread should in lapse of time have fallen into desuetude in the Latin Church. In the Greek Church blessed bread is called *Αντι δωρον*, and is an appendage to the Holy Eucharist. It has there been a custom of very ancient date to seal the loaf made for Communion, in a square shape with the form of a cross, and with the words 'Ιησους χριστος νικα', or "Jesus Christ hath conquered." The part of the loaf thus marked is cut off, and is used for consecration, the outside rind or remaining part of the loaf is blessed and distributed to the people after the service ; this is blessed bread. Christophorus Angelus, says of it, "nominant hunc panem *Αντι δωρον*, i.e., vice munus, quoniam sacerdos hunc panem omnibus communicantibus et non communicantibus, ut donum divinum exhibet."\*

The Greeks often carry this bread home to the sick, and to such of those whose employment obliges them to remain at home. They deem that it contains a virtue and efficacy to remit all venial sins, and that it preserves in a pious soul a constant remembrance of the Holy Communion. They therefore treat it with much reverence.

It is said that in some parts of the Eastern Church the blessed bread is considered emblematic of the Blessed Virgin

\* They call this bread "in the place of the gift," because the priest gives this bread as a divine favour to all, whether communicants or not.

Mary. Nothing better can bring this idea home to us than the recollection that the square portion of bread, which is cut out to be consecrated, is taken from the centre of the loaf, and that the remainder of the loaf becomes the blessed bread.

According to the Ritual of Allet (published, in 1669, with the approbation of the great majority of French Bishops), blessed bread was unknown to the Fathers of the Church of the second century, but it had its origin in the fact that the early Christians communicated daily, and when that practice began to fall into desuetude the unconsecrated remains of the bread were given to those who had not communicated, whence it is called by some authors *Sanctae Communionis Vicarius*. Afterwards, by an easy transition, this blessed bread came to be given to all persons in the Church, whether they had or had not previously communicated. "The blessed bread," says the Ritual of Allet, "when eaten in the spirit of the Church, effaces all venial sin by means of the good tendencies which it stirs up in those who eat it. Also it may, by virtue of the prayers of the Church, cure divers ills of the flesh." The same ritual believes that it was formerly blessed by the Bishop, but that it was then the duty of every parish-priest to bless it for his parishioners. The ritual prescribes that it should be blessed on all Sundays of the year, and on the great festivals, such as Christmas, the Epiphany, and Ascension Day; that the blessing should take place at High Mass immediately after the priest has said the Offertory; and that the heads of the principal houses in the parish should provide the bread according to their respective turns, or, as it is termed in French, to "rendre le pain bénit." The person on whom it fails to provide it, presents it at the altar to the sub-deacon, or, failing one, to a clerk, who in his turn presents it to the officiating priest. The priest, standing at the altar, says the following:—

V. *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*

R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.

V. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, panis angelorum, panis vivus aeternae vitæ, benedicere dignare panem istum sicut benedixisti quinque panes in deserto, ut omnes ex eo gustantes, inde corporis et animæ percipiant sanitatem. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.\*

The priest then sprinkles it with holy water, after which the clerk carries it away and cuts it up into small pieces. He should distribute it after the Communion of the Mass (although in some places this is erroneously done during the Offertory), handing it first to the clergy, and then to the nobility, magistrates, and civil authorities, lastly to the people. If any remain, it is given to the poor. It may not be sold, or used for repasts, or given to animals.

It appears that it was the custom, at Paris, to offer the paten to be kissed by the person who presented the bread. The bread was often studded with lighted tapers. According to the ceremonial of Lyons, however, the officiating priest should sprinkle holy water thrice on the bread in the form of a cross, after having read the above prayer. He should then give the instrument of the Pax (or if there be none, a cross) to be kissed by the person who presents the bread ; the paten is never to be given to be kissed.

\* V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

R. Who made heaven and earth.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O, Lord Jesus Christ, bread of angels, living bread of eternal life, deign to bless this bread as Thou didst bless the five loaves in the desert, that all tasting it may receive health of body and soul. Thou who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

It is interesting to add that in this country, before the so-called Reformation, bread was blessed in almost the same identical words, as in the Ritual of Allet, and distributed to the people on all Sundays throughout the year. Such was the observance, or use, at Hereford and at Salisbury. We have had an opportunity of verifying the fact by perusal of a Hereford Missal of 1502, and of a Sarum Missal of 1523. The use may also have obtained in other parts of England.

SHERSTON BAKER.

## The First of Three.

### I.

THE hour that stands so still, then starts  
 As sudden as the lark departs !  
 That hour was death-time, and could stay  
 To mourn by Osman on its way,  
 To leave—ere to blest realms it stole—  
 His last-day likeness on my soul.  
 So slow was his descent to death,  
 It still seemed sleep without the breath.  
 His smile, the same that asked my kiss,  
 Remained, in all its sweetness, his,  
 Prompting his words to me again—  
 My loved Physician !

In his pain

He drew me near, and, as we met,  
 Left at my heart this Amulet.  
 'Tis mine ! To do with it aright  
 Can I depend on my own might ?  
 Death owns it for its only cure !  
 Such were his words, and they are sure—  
 True as the blood for mortals shed,  
 Whereby the graves gave up their dead.  
 He told me wonders he had seen,  
 That many say could not have been ;  
 But, loved by Osman to his end,  
 Could I mistrust so dear a friend ?  
 Well was my heart assured that lies  
 Had never passed those open eyes !

## II.

Alone in mind, long did I try  
To solve this flitting mystery  
That now upon my senses lay,  
And now put out the light of day.  
An alchemist, whose taunt and sneer  
I learned in former days to fear,  
Was my strange hope, despite the thought  
That he set holy things at naught.  
Rare was the art that he possessed,  
And he might put all doubt to rest.  
Such was his depth, where others saw  
A wonder, he discerned a law :  
Better to seek his aid than fret  
O'er this life-giving Amulet.  
That alchemist was lame and sick ;  
His lamp had nigh consumed its wick :  
Pain was his lot, but unperturbed  
His own free thought went on uncurbed.  
So did I seek him face to face :  
He smelt the charm with tired grimace,  
And cried, "The odour of the tomb,  
The sweepings of some catacomb !"  
Then, scarce content, with ready wit  
One grain he took, and tasted it.  
"Blood !" said he with convulsive start ;  
"Blood curdled by some damnèd art !"  
I quailed, I trembled every limb,  
And yet took not my eyes from him,  
Though in a seeming guilt I stood,  
Like one whose hand had shed the blood ;  
And when he saw I could not stir  
He scowled as at a murderer !

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He scowled as at a murderer !

He held all occult things in scorn,  
Yet now surpassed he reason's bourn  
In those four thrilling lines that brought  
All Osman told me back to thought.

Before the ending of the day  
That man had cast his crutch away.  
What saw I now ? A giant frame !  
Yet spitefully he called my name,  
One tone in laughter, one in rage,  
As though he fretted on the stage.  
But ever must the lame and halt  
Find all except themselves at fault,  
So, as of old, resenting good,  
Thus spoke he in his mocking mood :  
" Have you a conscience clad in mail ?  
Yet do I come not here to rail  
Against the blood you gave ;  
The blood I took that eased my pain  
To raise me from the dead again  
Or speed me to the grave !  
You watched my lips as they partook  
That blood ; your limbs in terror shook ;  
And, as the balance swayed,  
You thought, will now his misery end  
Or will his cure my power extend  
That almost death obeyed ?  
What have you mingled in the blood  
That it has worked this wondrous good  
And loosed my tied-up flesh ?  
That it my wounded soul hath healed,  
And this new sense of life revealed  
As though 'twere born afresh ?"

I dared not then control my awe :  
It was a miracle I saw.

When my breath came, I only said,  
Osman, who doeth this, is dead ;  
The things he told are proved in you ;  
Now know I all he said is true !  
From when our day of grace had birth  
Till now, he lingered on the earth,  
Foredoomed, as all in one, to see  
The course of its new destiny.  
With me his dying words remain ;  
Hear them, poor scoffer, for your lasting gain !

## III.

Be the words few, the things whereof you hear  
No book can hold, no shelves of iron bear !  
"This token," said he, "that I put away  
Wear on your breast, dear friend, by night and day,  
That it be near unto another's heart  
To whom 'twas given to choose the better part.  
Return it not, although aloud I cry !  
Without this aid of yours I cannot die.  
My days are of the cedar that uprears  
Its mighty boughs into a thousand years,  
So, tenfold are the pangs that bide my fall.  
Hold back the token when on you I call !  
If in my trial I implore a grain  
Leave me to die ; be my entreaty vain !  
'Twould not alone my final anguish quell,  
But death itself, that I so crave, repel.  
Cling to it ; if through doubts your reason drift  
Set only greater store upon the gift.  
And now, while truths about your heart entwine,  
List as to music at its source divine !  
"I was that Magian, steeped in starry lore,  
The First of Three the Infant to adore

Who Death surprised, and, dying, overcame,  
 Who now to countless nations gives His name.  
 The First of Three was I, whose gaze discerned  
 His star, impelled to travel where it burned ;  
 And, oh ! the glorious thought ! these ears have heard,  
 When it was new, his old, familiar Word.  
 Long had I tasked this beauteous earth to yield  
 Its life immortal ; vainly I appealed :  
 This the reluctant ages still denied,  
 Though from its search I never turned aside.

“ ’Twas at this time a kindred youth who bore  
 A foremost name renowned in magic lore,  
 Joined in my labour, but the more we toiled,  
 The more the mighty stars our efforts foiled.  
 We knew the Saviour’s teachings, and they rushed  
 Upon us, and our human knowledge crushed.  
 We saw the mockers mute, the sceptic scared,  
 And then our hearts we to each other bared :  
 Alike we deemed all earthly knowledge frail,  
 And followed, awe-struck, in the holy trail.

“ At length the day but little dreamed of dawned,  
 They who knew best seemed, like ourselves, unwarned.  
 That evening came ; amid the eager crowd,  
 My friend, above the voices, cried aloud,  
 Rescue the Saviour ! when a soldier near  
 Struck him to earth and pierced him with a spear.  
 I buried him within my homely ground,  
 His little world, henceforth, that bitter mound,  
 Where at the midnight hour I lay in tears  
 That shed reproaches on the barren years.  
 As my hand plucked a cypress-spray to make  
 The swardless earth look green for his dear sake,  
 I heard a voice that as in whispers said,  
 ‘ Osman ! the graves are giving up their dead ! ’

My flesh was stiffened ; bold in my surprise  
I looked and gazed into those loving eyes.  
I saw that face again in its own light,  
That shone on me as never shines the night.  
'Fear not,' he said ; 'the many who arise  
At this great hour whilst Christ entombèd lies,  
Walk only in their sleep, though sent to spread  
Glad tidings to the living from the dead.  
It is my voice alone ; I must not feel  
The holy message that my lips reveal.  
Not yet awhile shall you the earth depart :  
I bear the life-elixir in my heart  
Changed through the blood that trickled down his side  
Who in your stead within this day hath died !'  
He pointed to his breast !

"Through depths of awe  
I shuddered,—there the bleeding heart I saw.  
I cried in choking words, 'No longer stay !  
Must I for this my more than brother slay ?  
Must I for this return you to the grave,  
Robbed of your life afresh, myself to save ?  
Better to leave my spirit unrenewed  
Than lift this hand to take a brother's blood !'  
He slowly said, 'I know not mortal pain :  
Its pangs can never pierce this heart again.'  
As so he spoke, the precious blood he drew,  
One drop whereof gives life to all anew."

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

## Gesta Romanorum ; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

[THE practice of preaching has seen great developments in modern times, but in a literary and self-conscious generation the pulpit no longer holds the place it occupied five hundred years ago. It was then not the platform of the preacher only, but of the instructor in general learning ; the substitute for cheap books and the precursor of the newspaper press. In reproducing, therefore, in a translation made by Mr. Swan, the stories first told by the monks at their recreation, and afterwards applied with a moral from the pulpits of Merry England, we are, in fact, giving a clue to the mental and spiritual history of that time. The discourses here given—sometimes with omissions and modifications necessitated by changed conditions of thought and speech—were, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*, gathered into a volume by Pierre Bercheur, Prior of the Benedictine Convent of St. Eloi, at Paris in 1362. It at once became a popular book, as far as any book could become popular in those days, and was republished in Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and England. In our own country, indeed, there have not been wanting authorities to claim the authorship of the *Gesta* for an Englishman, but it is possible that at least some tales such as that which has its locality in the Bishopric of Ely, and the circumstances of which the author says : "I have myself heard," were taken from an English source. It is certain that the *Gesta* obtained here a popularity which had not waned so late as in Elizabeth's reign ; and scenes and incidents borrowed from them have been made immortal by the adapting pens of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other masters. But the author of the *Gesta* made his work independent of mere local conditions. The fable has everywhere been a popular mode of giving instruction, from times of remote antiquity down to our own ; and it has great success with the illiterate mind, which must, however, have often experienced difficulty in tracing coherent connection between the story and its moral or application : a difficulty which the modern reader will assuredly share.]

### OF LOVE.

POMPEY\* was a wise and powerful king. He had an only daughter, remarkable for her beauty, of whom he was ex-

\* "King Pompey" was probably intended for the Pompey known to history. Needless to say, there is little that is Roman in the *Gesta Romanorum*, except the title of the volume and the rashly named *dramatis personæ*, who are generally potentates in Rome.

tremely fond. He committed her to the custody of five soldiers ; and charged them, under the heaviest penalties, to preserve her from every possible injury. The soldiers were on guard night and day ; and before the door of her bed-chamber, they suspended a burning lamp, that the approach of an intruder might be the more easily detected. And, to omit no means of security, a dog, whose watchfulness was unremitting, and whose bark was clamorous and piercing, maintained its station near the threshold of the apartment. From all these circumstances, it would appear that every precaution had been taken : but, unhappily, the lady panted for the pleasures of the world. She longed to mingle in the busy scenes of life, and to gaze upon its varied shows. As she was one day looking abroad, a certain wicked duke passed by, who, observing her beauty, and ascertaining that she was the reputed heir to the throne, became enamoured ; and used numerous devices to accomplish his treacherous designs. He promised her every species of gratification ; and at length prevailed with her to overturn the lamp, destroy the guardian dog which had protected her, and elope with him, during the night.

In the morning, however, enquiries were set on foot ; and messengers despatched in pursuit of her. Now there was at that time in the Emperor's palace, a champion of remarkable prowess, with whom the execution of justice was never dilatory. When he understood the contempt and ingratitude which the lady had exhibited towards her parent, he armed himself, and hastened after the fugitives. A battle speedily ensued, in which the champion triumphed, and decapitated the false knight on the spot. The lady he conveyed back to the palace ; but being refused admittance to the presence of her father, thenceforward she passed her time in bitterly bewailing her misdeeds. It happened that a wise person in the Emperor's court heard of her repentance. On all occasions when his services were required, he had proved himself an active mediator

between majesty and its offenders ; and, being now moved with compassion, he reconciled her to her indignant parent, and betrothed her to a powerful nobleman. He afterwards made her several valuable presents. In the first place, he presented a tunic, which extended to the heel, composed of the finest and richest woof, having the following inscription :—“I have raised thee up, be not again cast down.” From the Emperor she received a golden coronet, bearing the legend, “Thy dignity is from me.” The champion, who had conquered in her behalf, gave a ring, on which was sculptured, “I have loved thee, do thou return that love.” The mediator also bestowed a ring, inscribed as follows, “What have I done ? How much ? Why ?” Another ring was presented by the King’s son ; and there was engraved upon it, “Thou art noble ; despise not thy nobility.” Her own brother bestowed a similar gift, of which the motto ran thus :—“Approach ; fear not—I am thy brother.” Her husband likewise added a golden signet, which confirmed his wife’s inheritance, and bore this superscription, “Now thou are espoused, be faithful.”

The penitent lady received these various presents with gratitude, and kept them as long as she lived. She succeeded in regaining the favour of those whose affections her former conduct had alienated, and closed her days in peace.

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My beloved, the Emperor is our *Heavenly Father*, who hath drawn away his children from the jaws of the devil by the sufferings of His blessed Son. “Is he not thy Father who hath obtained thee by conquest, made, and established thee ?” The only daughter is the *human soul*, which is delivered to five soldiers, that is, to the *five senses*, to guard ; being armed by powers received in baptism. The burning lamp is the *will*, subjected in all things to the control of God, which in good works should shine out brilliantly, dispersing the gloom of sin.

The barking dog is *Conscience*, which has to struggle against error ; but, alas ! the soul, desirous of gazing upon the objects of this world, looks abroad as often as it acts contrary to the divine command ; and then is willingly led away by a duke—that is, by the *Infernal Ravisher*. And thus, the lamp of good works is extinguished, and the dog of conscience destroyed : and thus, the soul follows the devil in the dark night of sin. These things, when our champion had heard, namely, GOD—because, “there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, our God,”—instantly he combats with that wicked mis-leader the devil, gains a victory, and leads the soul to the palace of the heavenly King. The wise mediator is CHRIST ; as the apostle says, “There is one mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.” The son of the king is CHRIST. So the Psalmist witnesses—“Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee.” Christ is also our brother. And he is our spouse, according to Hosea ; “I will marry thee in faithfulness.” From him we received the aforesaid gifts : first, a cloak descending to the ankle—that is, his most precious skin. That same Christ our King gave to us an all glorious crown ; that is, when he submitted to be crowned for our sakes. And of a truth, “Thy dignity is from me”—even from that crown. “Jesus went forth, bearing the crown of thorns.” Christ is our *champion*, who gave us a ring—that is, the hole in His right hand ; and we ourselves may perceive how faithfully it is written—“I have loved thee, do thou also love.” “Christ our Mediator loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood.” He gave us another ring, which is the puncture in his left hand, where we see written, “What have I done ? How much ? Why ?”—“What have I done ?” I have despoiled myself, receiving the form of a servant. “How much ?” I have made God man. “Why ?” To redeem the lost. He gave us a third ring—to wit, the hole in his right foot ; and what can be understood by it, except, “Thou

art noble; despise not thy nobility?" In like manner, Christ is our *brother-german*. And he gave us a fourth ring, the puncture in his left foot, on which is written, "Approach; fear not—I am thy brother." Christ our *spouse* gave us a signet, with which He confirmed our inheritance: that is, the wound made in his side by the spear, on account of the great love with which He loved us. And what can this signify but "Thou art now joined to me through mercy; sin no more." Let us study, my beloved, so to keep the gifts of the world, that we may be able to exclaim, as in St. Matthew, "Lord, Thou gavest to me five talents;" and thus, unquestionably, we shall reign in the bosom of bliss.

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#### OF MERCY.

The Emperor Titus made a law, that whosoever provided not for his parents, should be condemned to death. It happened that there were two brethren, descended from the same father. One of them had a son who discovered his uncle in the greatest indigence; and immediately, in compliance with the law, but in opposition to the will of his father, administered to his wants. Thereupon the father expelled him from his house. Notwithstanding, he still maintained the poor uncle, and supplied him with every requisite. By-and-by, the uncle became rich and the father indigent. Now, when the son beheld the altered circumstances of his parent, he liberally supported him also, to the great indignation of his uncle, who drove him from his house, and said—"Formerly, when I was poor, thou gavest me support, in opposition to thy father; for which, I constituted thee my heir, in the place of a son. But an ungrateful son ought not to obtain an inheritance; and rather than such, we should adopt a stranger. Therefore, since *thou* hast been ungrateful to thy father in maintaining

me contrary to his command, thou shalt never possess my inheritance." The son thus answered his uncle. "No one can be punished for executing what the law commands and compels. Now the law of nature obliges children to assist their parents in necessity, and especially to honour them: therefore, I cannot justly be deprived of the inheritance."

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My beloved, the two brothers are the *Son of God* and the *world* which both proceed from one heavenly Father. The first, begotten; the second, created. Between them, from the beginning, discord arose, and continues to this day; so that he who is the friend of the one, is an enemy to the other. "Whoever would become the friend of this world, shall be accounted an enemy to God." The only son is every *Christian*, who is the progeny of Christ, because he is descended from him by faith. Therefore, we should not feed fat the world with pride, avarice, and other vices, if we would be the children of God. And if our desires are contrary, too surely we shall be excluded from the family of Christ, and lose our heavenly inheritance.

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#### OF JUST JUDGMENT.

A certain emperor decreed, that if any woman were taken in infidelity, she should be cast headlong from a very high precipice. It chanced that a woman, convicted of the crime, was immediately conveyed to the place of punishment, and thrown down. But she received no injury in the fall. They, therefore, brought her back to the judgment-seat; and when the judge perceived that she was unharmed, he commanded that she should again be led to the precipice, and the sentence effectually executed. The woman, however, addressing the judge, said, "My Lord, if you command this, you will

act contrary to the law, which punishes not twice for the same fault. I have already been cast down but God miraculously preserved me. Therefore, I ought not to be subjected to it again." The judge answered, "Thou hast well said ; go in peace ;" and thus was the woman saved.

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My beloved, the emperor is GOD, who made a law that if any one polluted the soul (which is the spouse of Christ) by the commission of any mortal sin, he should be precipitated from a high mountain—that is, from Heaven ; as befell our first parent, Adam. But God, by the sufferings of his Son, hath preserved us. "By grace we are saved," and not cast headlong into hell.

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#### OF FIDELITY.

The subject of a certain king fell into the hands of pirates, and wrote to his father for ransom. But the father would not redeem him ; so the youth wasted away in prison. Now he who detained him in chains had a daughter of great beauty and virtue. She was at this time in her twentieth year, and frequently visited the young man with the hope of alleviating his griefs. But he was too disconsolate to hearken. At length, after some time had passed in this manner, believing her prejudiced in his favour, and disposed to succour him, he asked her to obtain his freedom. She replied, "But how am I to effect it ? Thy father, thine own father will not ransom thee ; on what ground then should I, a stranger, attempt it ? And suppose that I were induced to do so, I should incur the wrath of my parent, because thine denies the price of thy redemption. Nevertheless, on one condition thou shalt be liberated." "Amiable creature," returned he, "impose what thou wilt ; so that it be possible, I will accomplish it."

"Promise, then," said she, "to marry me, whenever an opportunity may occur." "I promise," said the youth joyfully, "and plight thee an unbroken faith."

The girl immediately formed her plans; and during her father's absence effected his release, and fled with him to his own country. When they arrived, the father of the youth welcomed him, and said, "Son, I am overjoyed at thy return; but who is the lady under thy escort?" He replied, "It is the daughter of a king, to whom I am betrothed." The father returned, "On pain of losing thy inheritance, I charge thee, marry her not." "My father," exclaimed the youth, "what hast thou said? My obligations to her are greater than they are to you; for when imprisoned and fettered by my enemy, I implored you to ransom me; but this you cruelly denied. Now she not only released me from prison, but from the apprehensions of death—and, therefore, I am resolved to marry her." The father answered, "Son, I tell thee, that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her. She deceived her own father when she liberated thee from prison, depriving him of the price of thy redemption. Therefore, I am of opinion, that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently oughtest not to espouse her. Besides, there is another reason. It is true, she liberated thee, but it was for her own gratification and in order to oblige thee to marry her."

When the lady heard such reasons assigned, she answered, "To your first objection, that I deceived my own parent, I reply, that it is not true. He deceives who takes away or diminishes a certain good. But my father is so rich that he needs not any addition. When, therefore, I had maturely weighed this matter, I procured the young man's freedom. And if my father had received a ransom for him, he had been but little richer; and therefore cannot be much impoverished by the want of it. Now, in acting thus, I have served you,

who refused the ransom, and have done no injury to my parent. As for your last objection, that an unworthy affection urged me to do this, I assert that it is false. Imprisonment had destroyed your son's beauty ; and he had not sufficient wealth even to effect his liberation ; while much anxiety had worn away his strength, and left him emaciated and sickly. Therefore, compassion rather persuaded me to free him." When the father had heard this, he could object nothing more. So his son married the lady with very great pomp, and closed his life in peace.

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My beloved, the son captured by pirates is the whole *human race*, led by the sin of our first parent into the prison of the devil. The father who would not redeem him is the *world*, which rather loves to retain man in thraldom. The daughter is the *Divinity* of Christ united to the soul ; Who sympathized with the human race—and Who, after His Passion, descended into hell and freed us from the chains of the devil. But the celestial Father has no occasion for wealth, because he is infinitely rich. Therefore, Christ, moved with compassion, came down from Heaven to visit us, and took upon himself our form, and required no more than to be united in the closest bonds with man. So Hosea : "I will marry her to me in faithfulness." But our father, the *world*, whom many obey, ever murmurs and objects to this ; "If thou unitest thyself to God, thou shalt lose my inheritance." But "he who shall leave his father for My sake, he shall receive an hundred-fold and possess everlasting life." Which may Jesus Christ vouchsafe to bestow upon us ; who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

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## OF FOLLOWING REASON.

A certain emperor, no less tyrannical than powerful, espoused a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a king. After the ceremony was concluded, each solemnly vowed that the death of the one should be followed by the voluntary destruction of the other. It happened not many days after, that the emperor went into a far country, and continued there a long time. Being desirous of proving the fidelity of his wife, he directed a messenger to inform her that he was dead. When this news arrived, she remembered the oath, and precipitated herself from a lofty mountain, with an intention to die. But she received little injury, and in a short space was restored to health.

Her father understanding this, forbade obedience to the mandate and oath prescribed by her husband. Still, as she seemed anxious to comply with them, the father said, "If you refuse assent to my request, quit the palace with all haste." But she replied, "I will not do that; and I will prove, by good reasons, my right to remain. When an oath is sworn, ought it not to be faithfully maintained? I have sworn to my husband, that I would destroy myself, if I survived him: therefore, it is no delinquency to fulfil my vow, and I ought not to be driven from your palace. Moreover, no one should be punished for that which is commendable. Now, since man and woman are one flesh, according to the laws of God, it is commendable for a wife to perish with her husband. On which account, there is a law in India, that a wife after the decease of her lord, shall burn herself as evidence of her grief and love; or else be deposited alive in his sepulchre. And therefore I think that it is no error to kill myself for the love of my husband."

The father answered, "When you said that you were bound by an oath, you should have remembered that such an obliga-

tion is not binding, because its end is deprivation of life. An oath should always be consistent with reason ; and therefore your's being unreasonable is of no force. As for the other argument, that it is praiseworthy in a wife to die with her husband, it avails you not. For although they are one in the body, yet they are two persons in soul." When the lady heard these words, she could argue no farther, but complied with the request of her parent. She refrained from seeking death ; but, though apprized of her husband's existence soon after, she neither returned to, nor forgave, him.

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My beloved, the emperor is the *devil*. The girl is the *soul* created in the likeness of God, but by sin espoused to the evil one. Wherefore, in the commission of sin, there is a covenant established, namely, that if a man die in sin and in remote parts—that is, in hell, it is previously agreed upon by his own pride that the sinning soul should cast itself from a high mountain—that is, from heaven down to hell: and thus it was, before the advent of our Saviour. But He, by His Passion, re-instated it in health. Notwithstanding, the soul still desires to precipitate itself, as often as it acts against the divine command. But God, who is our *Father*, would not willingly that we should fall.

(*To be continued.*)

## Dom Bosco.

A YEAR or two ago a crowd of people might be seen one day at the gates of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, awaiting the exit of a visitor from within its walls. And if one asked whom or what they were expecting the reply was, "A Saint! A Saint! We want to receive the blessing of a Saint!" Soon a simple Italian priest, old and feeble, appeared at the door, and all pressed round him, eager to kiss his hands, his feet, or even the hem of his garments. He could be no ordinary priest who could create this sort of enthusiasm among a volatile and inconstant people like the Parisians, especially in an age like ours not remarkable for reverence for the sacerdotal character. Still, there are many to whom the name and work of Dom Bosco are altogether unknown. In his "Martyrs and Miracles," M. Franz de Champagny some time ago endeavoured to vindicate the nineteenth century from the charge of sterility in works of charity and religion. A friend of his, M. Albert du Boys, called his attention to the fact that the remarkable labours of Dom Bosco were altogether omitted, to which the reply was that he had never heard of Dom Bosco. He hastened, however, to acquire the necessary information, and was only prevented by death from publishing a supplement making full amends for the omission from his first edition. The materials he had collected fell into the hands of Mr. Albert du Boys, who at once prepared them for the press; and it is mainly from his book that our knowledge of Dom Bosco and his great work has been derived.

Giovanni Bosco was born on an auspicious day, August 15, 1815, at Becchi, in the province of Castelnuovo d'Asti, in

what was then the Kingdom of Sardinia. His parents were very pious and respectable country people, who brought up their children as carefully as their circumstances would permit. He lost his father at a very early age, and then had to share with his mother and brothers in the work of the farm. As he was the youngest he was chiefly employed in watching the cattle, which gave him ample leisure to indulge in religious meditations to which he was accustomed almost from his infancy. To these he added poetic musings, for the little cowboy had acquired all the knowledge that could be obtained at the village school, and was not unacquainted with the strains of Tasso and of Dante. Whatever time he could spare he spent as much as possible in attending the offices of the Church and in hearing sermons. Perceiving in him these unusual dispositions, his mother, a woman of remarkable piety and worth, resolved at every sacrifice to procure for him a superior education. She therefore made a division, leaving to her eldest son the farm and house where his father had resided and retiring herself to a much smaller house, with her two younger sons and her personal property, which gave her little more than a bare subsistence. Giovanni, however, was soon enabled to assist in the plan she had formed for his benefit. He obtained leave to board and lodge in the house of a widow lady, in the neighbouring University town of Chieri, in return teaching her little son and daughter to read and write. The course at the University, including theology, was gratuitous. Thus, in Italy, under the old régime which has been so much condemned, superior education was within reach of the poorest as it is not in most revolutionized states. Giovanni Bosco completed his studies at Chieri with great success and commendation, and finding that he had the necessary vocation, he received there the holy order of the Priesthood. He then attached himself to the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at Turin, which was served by a Community of Priests, who

were completing their preparation for the sacred ministry by attending a superior course of moral theology, by preaching and giving conferences, by visits of charity alike to the palace and the hovel, and by attending the prisons and the hospitals. The work of the prisons Dom Bosco made especially his own, and above all occupied himself with the juvenile prisoners, whom he endeavoured by every means to attract to a life of piety and innocence. It was while still labouring at St. Francis, that a circumstance occurred which indicated to him the work to which before all others he was called, and which has since been so marvellously developed.

One day Dom Bosco was approaching the altar to say Mass, when he observed the Sacristan somewhat roughly driving away a wretched little urchin, whom he had asked to serve Mass, and whom he had found totally ignorant. Goodnaturedly reflecting that the child might receive a wrong impression, and might even conceive a disgust for religion if treated harshly, he desired the Sacristan to leave the boy alone, as he was a friend of his, and then told the boy himself to remain quiet till after Mass, and he would then tell him something that he would be glad to hear. As soon as Mass was over Dom Bosco returned to his little friend, and the following dialogue took place between them. "What is your name, my child?" "I am called Bartolomeo Garelli." "Of what country?" "Of Asti." "Is your father alive?" "He is dead." "And your mother?" "Also dead." "How old are you?" "Thirteen years." "Can you write?" "I know nothing." "Have you received your first Communion?" "Not yet." "Do you attend Catechism?" "No, I am afraid." "And why?" "Because I know nothing about my religion, and I, who know nothing, should feel ashamed to stand in a class of smaller boys who know so much." "If I teach you your Catechism by yourself will you come and learn it?" "Most willingly." "When shall we begin?" "When you please." "This evening, perhaps?"

“Certainly.” “Why not at once?” “Oh yes, at once, most gladly!” Dom Bosco then gave him his first lesson, and in a short time finding him well instructed and prepared, heard his confession and afterwards gave him his first Holy Communion. Thus Dom Bosco carved and shaped the first stone of the vast spiritual edifice which God had destined him to erect.

Garelli himself having profited by the zeal and charity of Dom Bosco, was eager to make others of his own class sharers of the same advantages. Gradually an always-increasing number of poor lads assembled at the Church of St. Francis on Sundays and holidays seeking for instruction. The time now arrived when Dom Bosco, having finished his course at St. Francis, was called upon to undertake regular and fixed ecclesiastical duties. Among many positions offered him he selected, at least provisionally, to assist his friend Dom Borelli in the management of an hospital founded by the Marquise de Barol, at the same time stipulating that he should have the opportunity of continuing his work among the boys, to which he had already determined above all other things to devote himself. These boys being mostly waifs and strays not attached to any particular parish, he obtained faculties from the Archbishop of Turin, to perform in their regard the functions of a parish priest on Sundays and holidays, and for this end the Marquise allowed him the use of rooms in the hospital, and fitted up for him a disused chapel. After a few months, however, finding that she required the whole of the buildings for her own special purpose, Dom Bosco and his little family were obliged to seek some other shelter. The Archbishop gave them permission to assemble in the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains, but as it was part of the system of Dom Bosco to encourage his boys to take part in all kinds of sports during the intervals between the services or instructions, complaints were made to the municipality by people who found their ease and comfort disturbed by the noise the children made in the square before the

church ; and he accordingly found one day a notice affixed to the door of the church, forbidding, in the name of the Syndic, any more meetings in that place. Remembering that he could not invite 300 boys to his own small apartment, not even, as he said, " if he were to pack them like anchovies in a barrel," he desired every boy to bring with him his food for the day, and every Sunday he took them out into the country, where he would request of the village priest or of the Superior of some religious house to allow him to use, at some convenient hour, church or chapel for his services and instructions. Out in the fields the boys recreated themselves to their hearts' content without annoying any one. This plan answered very well, and was much enjoyed by the boys as long as the warm weather lasted. But the approach of winter made it evident that these rural excursions would not be practicable during the cold weather. He, therefore, hired within the city three large rooms, in which, though much inconvenienced for want of space, he instructed and heard the confessions of his pupils. Instigated by other tenants occupying neighbouring houses, the owner of the property complained of the use made of his apartments, and insisted upon resuming possession of them. Finding that nothing better presented itself, Dom Bosco next hired a field, in which, in full view of the multitude, he gave his sermons and instructions, and then announced to his pupils at what Church it had been arranged that they should hear mass. In the afternoon they returned for various sports in which they engaged, until at a fixed hour, at a signal given by an old drum and a cracked trumpet, they all gathered round Dom Bosco for half-an-hour's instruction, after which they sang vespers and the Litanies, and listened to a few words from Dom Borelli. So promptly was the signal obeyed, and so perfect was the discipline that prevailed, that an officer of the Royal Carabineers, who happened one day to be passing, exclaimed, " Truly an army, so admirably drilled, would be invincible."

As the work of Dom Bosco thus became more public, the opposition to him also intensified and extended. Even some of the clergy fancied their parochial rights invaded, and others considered Dom Bosco the victim of an unfortunate craze. The municipal authorities and many influential citizens were equally averse to him, and sufficient pressure was brought to bear upon the owner of the ground to induce him to give his tenants notice to quit. Having been for long deprived of a roof over their heads, the good father and his children were now to be denied a resting-place for the soles of their feet. At this juncture public opinion had so thoroughly set in against him, that there seemed no hope of his finding any other asylum. Nevertheless he did not despair. If he deserted them he did not doubt that the hundreds of children whom he had rescued from misery would return to the streets and to a life of vagabondage and crime. Palm Sunday, 1846, was the last day on which he could use the ground he had occupied, and on that day he planned a pilgrimage to the Madonna della Campagna, about two miles from Turin. Thither he went with his boys, reciting the Rosary and chanting Litanies. When they approached, the bells of the church were set ringing, an act of homage to Dom Bosco from the Superior of the convent. After mass, Dom Bosco prayed most earnestly that he might not be torn from his beloved children. Scarcely had he finished when a man named Panorace suddenly went up to him, and asked him if he did not wish to establish a laboratory. A little puzzled by the question, Dom Bosco explained to him that it was not a laboratory, but an oratory, that he wished to found. "That is well," said the other. "Come with me, and I will take you to my friend Penardi, who will let you a place that will suit you." Dom Bosco willingly accompanied him to the place that was to let. The owner showed him a sort of loft, used as a storehouse for wood. There were so many holes in the roof that in wet weather enough water could be

admitted to float a boat, and in some places it was so low that a man could not stand upright beneath it. "This will never do," began Dom Bosco. "Oh, I will repair it. I will fit it in every way for a laboratory." "But it is not a laboratory that I want, but a little oratory, for my young people." "So much the better. I will construct a chapel for you gladly, claiming only two seats in it, one for myself and one for my wife. I can sing, and will help you to conduct the divine offices. I will also supply a silver lamp for the altar. You shall have all for 300 francs a year: it is worth more, but being for a good work, that is all I will ask you." "You shall have 320 if you will add a piece of ground for the recreation of the children, and get all ready by next Sunday." He then hastened back to his boys, and telling them of the good news, bade them all give thanks to God for the success of their pilgrimage. By the end of the following week a month's work had been accomplished. The little chapel had been arranged, and a playground enclosed. The chapel was small and rude, and furnished only with the barest necessities, but for six years it served as the first regular oratory of St. Francis of Sales. At one time, however, it was in imminent danger of being closed by a decision of the Municipality of Turin. This was only prevented by the personal intervention of the king, Charles Albert. The police, moreover, could report nothing but what was favourable of the oratory, and of the boys frequenting it. Protected by the king, and receiving the unfailing support of the Archbishop, opposition in other quarters gradually subsided, and many, both among the clergy and laity, began to send money and presents to assist in carrying on the work.

Hitherto the education given by Dom Bosco to his children had consisted almost entirely of religious teaching and the barest elements of secular knowledge. Being now comparatively settled and in peace, and able to devote himself entirely

to his boys, not only on Sundays but throughout the week, he at once made the night school, till now held occasionally, a regular institution. To carry this out, he selected eight or ten of the young people who frequented the oratory on Sundays, and gave them during the day gratuitous lessons in Italian, French, arithmetic, and Latin, on condition that they should assist him in the night and Sunday schools. He also composed several elementary educational works, as those already in existence were not quite what he wished.

But his work was not to proceed peacefully without another check. A severe attack of bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs now prostrated Dom Bosco and interrupted his personal labours, and when the danger was passed it was deemed essential for his convalescence that he should spend some months in his native air. During his absence, the duties at the oratory were well cared for by Dom Borelli and other assistants ; but without Dom Bosco his pupils could not rest contented. They went singly or in groups to Becchi, though it involved a walk of many miles ; they wrote him letters, and finally threatened that if he did not return to Turin the whole oratory would migrate bodily to Becchi. The good Father was as anxious to be back again with his children as they were to receive him, and at last the Archbishop gave a reluctant consent, before the time originally specified had nearly elapsed. He did not, however, return alone. He had resolved to have his mother with him to assist him in his labours, and to give some order to his domestic arrangements. She was a woman still in the prime of life, vigorous in health, and, above all, of a rare spirit of piety and self-denial. They sold the small property which Dom Bosco still possessed at Becchi, then all the furniture and the little treasures of the good mother Margaret, and departed for Turin. Several rooms adjacent to the oratory had been secured, so that it was now possible greatly to extend the work. Hitherto classes had been obliged to meet in the church, in the sacristy,

in the kitchen, and even in the bedroom of Dom Bosco. With the new accommodation the number of pupils largely augmented. After a few months he submitted all to the test of a public examination in catechism, sacred history, geography, and arithmetic. This was so successful that the Turinese municipality named a commission to conduct a second examination, the result of which they found so satisfactory that they voted an annual grant of 300 lire to the schools of the oratory. Thus had the charity and perseverance of Dom Bosco overcome the aversion and distrust with which he was so long regarded.

The presence of Dame Margaret enabled her son to pay some attention to the corporal wants of the most necessitous of his children. She made soup for those who were without food, mended and procured clothing for those who were in rags, and sometimes sheltered for the night those who had no homes. This new development of his work was brought about almost by accident. A little homeless wanderer begged of Mamma Margaret, as she was called, to let him remain in some corner for the night where he would be protected from the wet and cold. This child having been affectionately received by her, and accommodated as best she could, soon afterwards Dom Bosco brought her a second applicant; and thus, in the little kitchen of Dame Margaret, the first refuge was established. But, before entering with energy into this new work, Dom Bosco recognized the necessity of making further provision for his day, night, and Sunday schools. Church, classrooms, playground were all far too small. He therefore selected a locality not far from the river Po, in which he determined to found a second oratory, dedicated to St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He was thus able to give sufficient, although rough, accommodation to the 800 or 900 lads of which his company now consisted. The original oratory of St. Francis of Sales, from which Dom Bosco and his companions derived their name—*Salesians*—he resolved

to enlarge, and to form there a permanent home for the most destitute children.

But now there came a difficult and perilous time for all good works, and more especially for all clerical institutions. It was the year 1848, and every throne on the continent of Europe trembled, many Governments were overthrown, and the priests were everywhere menaced by an outbreak of revolutionary fury. King Charles Albert, coerced by a so-called Liberal Ministry, gave new liberties to Vaudois preachers and political fanatics, and the Salesians, between these two parties, were sorely vexed and harassed. The preachers strove to bribe the boys, and thus win them from their friend and father ; and, at the same time, all sorts of plots and intrigues were hatched against Dom Bosco, whose life even was several times attempted. It is impossible to enter into the history of this troubled period, as to do so would fill a volume, and it is the less necessary, as neither persuasion nor violence produced much permanent effect, and the progress of the institutions was but slightly retarded.

Political agitation having somewhat subsided, and finding that they could continue their work unmolested, Dom Bosco and Dom Borelli acquired still more buildings in the immediate neighbourhood of the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales, and were now able to make room in the refuge for thirty poor vagabond boys, whom they fed and educated. For most of them they found situations with various tradesmen—shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, printers, &c. The boys received their breakfast in the morning, went to their work, returned to the refuge for their soup, polenta, &c. at half-past one, and again at night for supper and bed. They had no regular refectory, but took their meals in the playground, and arranged themselves as best they could while Dom Bosco and his mother attended to their wants. When Dame Margaret was otherwise engaged, Dom Bosco would cook their food and even mend

their clothes, being thus, by turns, preacher, confessor, tailor, and cook. As time progressed, and some of the boys having become better workmen and begun to earn a little more money, he established among them a provident society which, commencing in 1850 upon a very small scale, has been the model of such societies now scattered throughout the length and breadth of Italy. The agitation which shook Italy to the very centre, during Charles Albert's war against Austria, was not unfelt even within the peaceful enclosure of the Oratory of St. Francis. Carried away by the powerful emotions of the time, a few of the elder boys began to think more of fighting and of drilling than of church or school. Dom Bosco determined to humour this burst of military enthusiasm and turned his playgrounds into drilling places, even practising the youngest children in gymnastic exercises. He also had them instructed in music and encouraged them to play martial as well as religious airs, and so proficient in the art did they become that several of the parish churches sought for their assistance in the services of the choir.

The Feast of St. Aloysius happening to coincide with the civil rejoicings in celebration of two victories gained by the patriotic Italian troops over the Austrians, a great crowd assembled at the oratory to assist at the Mass and Te Deum. A detachment of the Civic Guard, accompanied by their band, preceded the procession, and on either side of the statue of the patron saint walked two remarkable men with tapers in their hands. These were the Marquis Cavour, the eldest son of the Syndic of Turin, the old opponent of Dom Bosco, and his brother, the illustrious Count Camillo Cavour.

We now bring our narrative to the year 1854, at which time there were 700 boys and youths at the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales, and about 500 at St. Aloysius, besides 30 at the refuge. All these were receiving intelligent secular education as well as religious training, and nearly all had been rescued from the

streets where they were fast becoming vagabonds and criminals. The war had been a check to the work, but now Italy was afflicted by a still more terrible scourge. The Asiatic cholera broke out with fearful malignity, and in Piedmont its ravages were remarkably severe. Almost universal panic prevailed, and although the parochial clergy and religious orders devoted themselves entirely to the sick, they were not sufficiently numerous to attend all, and many were left to die without assistance. The devotions at the oratories were continued with redoubled fervour and all kept themselves calm and collected and resigned to the will of God, and now Dom Bosco, calling together all his pupils, made to them a most earnest and touching appeal. He described, in moving terms, the sufferings of those poor creatures who had no one to moisten their parched lips, or to whisper in their ear a word of consolation—abandoned by all at the time of their utmost need. After this allocution about forty offered themselves as infirmarians, and later on many of their companions joined their ranks. Dom Bosco instructed them as to the best remedies in the absence of regular medical treatment, which could only be obtained for a tithe of the sufferers. The lazarettos as well as private houses were at once opened to these young heroes of charity. The oratories were stripped of everything which could benefit the sick, and even the most hardened, and those who had the strongest anti-clerical prejudices, were subdued by the tenderness and devotion of these untaught nurses, and consented to accept of the spiritual assistance which they procured. Although the refuge was situated in a part of the city which was specially visited, when on the 8th December, 1854, Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the disappearance of the epidemic, though hundreds had fallen victims upon every side, it was found that not one of the inmates had been touched. The labours of the Salesians were acknowledged in the fullest manner by the civic authorities, and to Dom Bosco was con-

fided the charge of a temporary orphanage for children made orphans by the cholera. When this had served its purpose, and was dissolved, about twenty of the smallest children were drafted to his refuge.

Amid all these difficulties Dom Bosco had found means to complete a beautiful Church in honour of St. Francis of Sales, and to begin a permanent home for those whom he admitted as regular inmates. Although the nearly completed buildings were destroyed by a whirlwind, Dom Bosco, nothing daunted, immediately recommenced the work, and all was ready for occupation in October, 1853. Public favour being yet more attracted towards his undertakings in consequence of the assistance given by the Salesians in the extreme necessity caused by the prevalence of the cholera, he took advantage of the good will of the people to found a third oratory in the city, in a remote and somewhat poverty-stricken suburb, till then without a church. He had now to lodge and provide entirely for between 800 and 900 boys, besides attending to the wants of the much larger number who frequented the Sunday, day, and night schools. Having now more ample space and commodious buildings at his disposal, his genius for organization more fully developed himself. He surrounded his refuge of St. Francis with workshops of every description, care being taken that in every trade the best teachers available should be selected, and the learners should be led to aspire to the utmost possible efficiency. For those who were more studious, classical and scientific instruction of the highest kind was provided, and the Salesians have not only received the most honourable degrees and many other favours from the Universities of Italy, but have supplied them with distinguished professors in every branch of learning. Having a wonderful gift in the discernment of religious vocations, Dom Bosco and those associated with him encouraged many of the young men to proceed to the higher theological studies, and pre-

pared them thoroughly for the work of the priesthood. All of these were made proficient in human science, so as to place them at least upon a level with, if not above, the intellectual advancement of the age. Some of these became Salesians, and continued to assist the work from which they had benefited, and many others became priests and missionaries in Italy and other parts of the world. Altogether about 5,000 priests have issued from the Salesian Institutions. And these, for the most part, have not been selected from among youths who had received the blessing of careful training in their early years. They have been taken by preference from those who belonged formerly to the vagabond and outcast classes, and who, but for the intervention of Dom Bosco, were fast ripening for the prison or the galleys. In 1884, the date of the publication of M. Albert du Boys' book, the various schools and refuges of the Salesians had rescued and trained about 100,000 outcast children.

It was after the year 1865 that the Order begun to progress with giant strides. Feeling the want of a very large church, Dom Bosco began in that year the erection of the magnificent Basilica of Our Lady, Help of Christians, the first stone of which was laid by Prince Amadeus, brother of King Humbert, and sometime King of Spain, and in the same year a band of fifty Salesians, priests and laymen, began to live in community under its shadow. They were authorized as a regular order by Pope Pius IX. in 1870, and during the following years, schools, workshops, agricultural colonies, colleges, and seminaries under their direction have rapidly multiplied throughout Italy and beyond its borders.

Among the phenomena attending the institution of the Order of Salesians, not the least extraordinary is the support and encouragement which it has received from the very anti-clerical Minister, Ratazzi. He had had some early experience of the work of Dom Bosco, having by chance been present during his

Sunday instructions, when the Oratory of St. Francis was yet in its infancy, and had been so much struck with the influence which the good priest had obtained over a number of poor little vagabonds from the streets that he warmly expressed his admiration and declared that such a work was a real benefit to the State. In 1845, Dom Bosco, having been conducting a mission or retreat for the juvenile inmates of one of the city prisons, at the conclusion of the religious services, when the boys seemed all penetrated with sorrow for the past and full of good resolutions, he conceived the idea of giving them, 300 in number, a day's holiday in the country. The director of the prison stood aghast at the proposal, which appeared to him most extravagant, and continued deaf to all Dom Bosco's arguments in its favour. Determined not to be baffled, Dom Bosco resolved to apply at once to Ratazzi, then Minister of the Interior. From respect to the petitioner, after some hesitation, the Minister consented, stating at the same time that he would send him a guard of fifty men to preserve order and to bring all back at the time fixed upon. This, however, Dom Bosco absolutely refused, undertaking to bring all back in safety without any assistance. Regarding it as a curious experiment, Ratazzi granted his request, and to their own unbounded joy and the consternation of the authorities the host of young criminals found themselves at liberty for the day. They spent their holiday in a charming country and amid glorious sunshine, and returned in the evening to their quarters, and when the roll was called not one was missing. Dom Bosco at once hastened to inform Ratazzi of the success of his undertaking, which the Minister acknowledged in terms remarkable for an anti-clerical politician. "I admit," he said, "that there is in you Ministers of God a mysterious moral influence far more powerful than the material forces of which we can dispose. You reign in the hearts of youth and rule the consciences of men. This we cannot do. It is your exclusive domain."

In 1857 Dom Bosco applied for permission to hold a lottery on behalf of his various institutions, which Ratazzi most courteously granted, and took advantage of a private interview that he had with Dom Bosco upon the subject to recommend him to establish an order that all his works might be continued after his death. A similar course had been frequently advised by the friends, both lay and clerical, of the Salesians, but Dom Bosco had always hesitated, as he feared that the law, then recent, for the suppression of religious congregations, would render such a foundation impracticable. He therefore received this proposal from Ratazzi with singular astonishment, and half amused, half in earnest, while admitting that it would be most pleasing to him to know that his work would not cease with his life, he said, "Since you give me this advice, can you give me any further counsel as to carrying it out?" To which the Minister replied, "Select some subjects from among your disciples, priests and laymen, full of your own spirit, entirely actuated by your principles and thoroughly instructed in your methods, and they will assist you during your life and carry on your work when you are dead." "But," said Dom Bosco, "what about the law suppressing religious orders?" Ratazzi then explained to him that if they would bring themselves into some sort of external harmony with modern legislation, if each member would continue to be, in the eyes of the law, possessed of his own property and pay the taxes on it, the State would regard them as so many men living together for the furtherance of benevolent objects, and they need not fear any hindrance or annoyance.

Dom Bosco reflected long upon the matter, the great difficulty being how to reconcile the course proposed by Ratazzi with the vow of poverty necessary for religious. He at length decided that the Salesians, while retaining the nominal and legal possession of their property, should take a vow to leave the administration and the profits of it in the

hands of their superiors, and this arrangement received the authorization of the Pope ; and on these lines the pious Society of the Salesians was founded.

A visitor to-day at the Oratory of St. Francis, which has many counterparts in Italy and elsewhere, would find it inhabited by more than 1,000 youths, these having been for the most part street arabs, among whom, during the hours of work, he would find a perfect silence, only broken by the noise of machinery or such sounds as necessarily accompany many sorts of labour. He might suppose that this order was maintained by strict discipline and a rod of iron. But such is not the method of Dom Bosco. In his system there is nothing of the barracks, no trace of military discipline, no penal code, no espionage. Constant loving charity, the entire self-devotion of himself and his fellow-workers, invincible patience—these are among the means employed by the Salesians to accomplish so astonishing a result. The poor, rough, untutored lads are encouraged not only to lead ordinarily good lives, but to aspire after the highest Christian perfection. Their spiritual advancement is regarded always as the great work of the institute. Nevertheless, lawful temporal motives are allowed their due weight. The boys are regarded as reasonable, and therefore capable of acting as their interest would dictate ; the miseries of the state of degradation which they have escaped are put before them, and just and honourable ambition is awakened, and they are from the first looked upon as responsible, and therefore worthy of confidence and trust. The only punishments allowed are the gently expressed displeasure of superiors, and in extreme and very rare cases expulsion, always so effected that the poor lad is not driven to despair, and is made to feel that there is yet a door open for his return.

The work of rescuing street arabs is the one necessary feature, at least in large towns, of all Salesian institutions. Colleges, universities, homes of refuge may be added or not,

as necessity may urge or opportunity offer, but the Sunday and night-schools for destitute and outcast boys must never be omitted. The little mustard seed sown on the day that Dom Bosco catechized Garelli has indeed become a mighty tree, and in spite of adverse winds, though the axe has often been placed at its root, it still lives and flourishes. Space has not allowed me to say anything of the "Institute of Mary, Help of Christians," an order of nuns founded by Dom Bosco, to do for girls much of the work which the Salesians undertake for boys ; nor of the South American Missions, which would require for themselves a separate article.

It is the aim of the Salesians to select for every one of their community and of their clients the work most adapted to his capacity ; and thus they endeavour that, even in the most mechanical trade, every workman leaving their institutions shall be as perfect in his own sphere and calling as it is possible to make him. This is equally true in the higher professions, and especially in the highest of all. The Salesian Priests are men of learning, but still more of Apostolic zeal and piety, ready alike for home or missionary work, good pastors who would give their lives for their flock. The estimation in which they are held by the Pope is evidenced by his having committed to them the task of evangelizing Patagonia, a region almost untrodden by the foot of the missionary. Amid savage races, and upon a bleak and inhospitable shore, they now hope to create another Paraguay, and there the first Bishop whom the Order has given to the Catholic Church presides over a band of faithful Priests who have already founded several congregations.

EDWARD BOURNE.

## Two Nights at St. Cyran's Rectory.

### A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

IN the early winter of 1880 I had an appointment to go to a Conference on Social, Political, and Ecclesiastical subjects, at what I will call Nutleigh St. Cyran's Rectory, in one of the most westerly counties. Some of the subjects to be discussed were of pressing interest, and those who had been summoned from various parts of England were the nominated deputies of many other parsons and laymen, all of whom were deeply interested in the results of our interesting and formal confabulations. Much wind and many words were the personal contributions of all the talkative and agreeable members.

To the host who was to receive me I was a perfect stranger ; and well acquainted with only one of those who were expected to attend. The Conference was to last three days.

I had been unable to attend on the first day, but on the second I had been up betimes, and started by train on the Great Western Railway nearly two hours before daybreak. Having to catch the train of another branch railway about noon, I was much disappointed when the London train by which I had journeyed missed it. The snow was deep.

I thus found myself at a somewhat obscure station where I was compelled to wait until the afternoon ; and when at last I had finished a tedious railway journey, I still was more than six miles from my appointed destination.

Securing a fly from the adjoining Railway Inn, where I partook of exceedingly hard biscuits and a glass of cider, I was driven six miles along by-roads and country lanes upon which the snow lay thick. The hoar frost, glittering and fantastical

in shape, clustered on trees and hung upon hedges, while the rich crimson and purple sunshine, flushing the western slopes of a snow-bound lovely country, gave place to a wintry and leaden gloom, the shadows steadily deepening upon the horizon before I had reached my much-desired destination.

Close to the Rectory gates stood a picturesque lodge (inhabited by the parish clerk), past which the vehicle was lumberingly driven ; and I was soon welcomed by my host.

It was, as I saw at a glance, a handsome and venerable building, and, as I subsequently learnt, had been exchanged under the Bishop's authority, nearly seventy years ago, by the then Rector, for the old Rectory-house, a building which stood almost inconveniently close to St. Cyran's Court, the new and magnificent residence of the St. Cyrans, which had been then just erected.

The Rectory was a long, low, gabled house, with mullioned windows, forming three unequal and irregular sides of a square, of which the whole of the chief side was taken up by a large oak-panelled hall, reaching from floor to ceiling. There was a huge fireplace on one side, in which, so late as the year 1880, long logs of wood and big wedges of coal burnt on old-fashioned dog-irons. On either side of the chimney were deep recesses, stone sedilia with oaken seats, covered with plush, while the chimney itself was at once broad and vasty. A heavy curtain hung before the iron-bound door of the outer porch. Two large screens—one of gilded Japanese work, the other covered with crimson plush—protected the place from winter winds and ordinary draughts at either end. Antlers of stags which, three centuries ago, had fallen before the cross-bows of the St. Cyrans, were ranged around ; and there were a few old portraits on the walls here and there. Down the centre of the hall stood a large and massive oak table, covered with green baize, books, papers, and writing materials, round which sat the members of the Conference, presided over by the Rector.

I was greeted by my host with cordiality, and, though late, welcomed to the gathering. We sat talking over the appointed problems for discussion at the Conference, until a stately standing clock in one of the corners, with an eccentric musical warning of what was about to happen, struck the hour of six.

We rose, and, in preparation for dinner an hour later—to which, to write the truth, I was looking forward with pardonable interest after a long and lunchless journey—I was shown to my bedroom. The hostess, a pleasant and intelligent woman, apologized for putting me into a room which had long been unused. But the house was very full, and some of her guests, she added, were being accommodated with sleeping rooms in the village—one at a yeoman-farmer's, two at the Court, and one at the village doctor's.

It was a large and low apartment at the extreme end of the house's northern wing, reached by a long narrow passage, where the bedroom door, at the top of a set of six or seven steps, was of unusual thickness and antiquity. This door was protected by several large-headed nails, and, as I at once noticed, for I own archæological tastes, by three cumbersome but artistic hinges, which, in the shape of floriated fleur-de-lys in iron, were spread all over it. There was no handle to the door, but a stout ring and a clinking latch.

I thought to myself, as I entered it with my bed candle, "Well, it certainly is a lonely, queer kind of place."

The room looked larger than it really was, because it was so low. All round, it was panelled in dark oak. The roof was of oak in heavy squares, which I noticed had been originally picked out in vermillion, green, and yellow, but the colours had faded. The mantelpiece was elaborately carved, and there were several carved figures under semicircular canopies in low relief on either side. The wood fire on the hearth lighted up its lonesomeness a little, and mellowed the dark and sombre tones and tints of the apartment.

There were two small windows on either side, with low, long seats in each. The oak bedstead—an old-fashioned and cumbersome structure, certainly of the Jacobean, probably of the Elizabethan, era—had a tester of rusty black velvet, scalloped with faded gold embroidery and bunches of black feathers, like those seen on hearses, at each corner. It was raised on a substantial platform, and the four-cornered pillars of oak sustaining the canopy were placed at such a distance from the bed itself that a part of the platform was available for walking all round the three sides of it.

Having performed my accustomed devotional exercises, I locked the door from within, went to bed, and extinguished the candle. Before doing this, finding the night cold, and having found my journey from London wearisome and sleep-inspiring, I had piled on some wooden logs from a large basket full of them, and though these flared and crackled for a while, I soon slept comfortably.

In the middle of the night, in the smaller hours it must have been, I awoke with the impression that some living and moving body was sitting and pressing unduly upon my chest, and, with a feeling of suppressed breathing, my first thought was that a large retriever dog—which I noticed had been allowed and petted in every room in the house, and was excluded from neither dining-room nor drawing-room—had somehow got upon the bed, and was partially lying across my chest. Therefore, with an effort—I might almost write a struggle—I raised myself up on my left elbow, and with my right hand thrust out against the supposed intruder. But there was none, as I found. I then suddenly remembered that I had duly locked the door. The fire had burnt itself out, as I at once remarked in raising myself up again on one elbow, and, looking before me, only a few faint smouldering wood-embers glimmered on the broad hearth. Through the windows and their curtains came in a faint November light, insufficient to overcome the fading pink glow

of the dying fire, yet quite enough to enable me to distinctly distinguish the furniture and objects of the room.

All of a sudden I saw a figure, the outline of which seemed not very distinct, gliding, by a steady and singular motion—an unusual kind of moving undulation—round the bed. Having reached one side, the form, darkish grey in colour, which seemed to be covered with what appeared to be a flowing gauze-like cloak, turned sharply and glided back with a like movement to the other side of the bed.

For awhile I watched it, following it with my wide-open eyes steadily, round the room and back again, round the room and back again. Its movements were regular, monotonous, weird. I could clearly distinguish head and shoulders and arms, but no features—at least with any distinctness. But the form was, as I then thought, the figure of a man; while the monotonous gliding motion, during the minutes I watched it, never for an instant ceased. Was I dreaming, or in some trance—half awake only, wandering mentally, or plainly out of my mind?

Seizing the match-box, which was on a table close to the bed's head, I struck a match and lit the bed-candle. Still—for I kept my eyes on it—the form kept gliding round and back again as before. I followed it steadily and regularly. Its undulatory movements seldom varied, and its dark grey colour never altered. But at length—in the course of two or three minutes—I distinctly noticed that it began to appear less distinct. The dark shades of its form and the whole outline (the lower part first) grew less dark, and in the course of several minutes (I may have thought them longer than they were) it by degrees altogether vanished away.

More puzzled than I could think it possible for a sensible man to be under the circumstances, or than I could describe, I waited for awhile, quietly thinking over what I had seen, and then all at once sprang out of bed. The first thing I did was to see if the door of the room was still locked, as I felt certain

I had left it. This I found to be the case, without any shadow of doubt; for I at once unlocked it, as a test, looked out down the steps into the long dark gloomy passage leading up to my room, from which came nor sound, nor sign, nor breath, and then locked the door anew.

At that moment the clock of the village church struck one. I went back to bed again, leaving the light burning; and for three long hours—for I heard the same clock strike the hours of two and three—I lay awake.

No fresh appearance of the form was seen by me. But, again and again, with wearisome iterations, dull sounds of heavy thumps at the head of the bed, under the floor, up the chimney, and overhead (as if in some room above, though there was no such room), were steadily heard. It seemed as though some person had wrapped a large hammer in a blanket, several times folded, and was wandering about the house and room, striking some solid substance in various parts of the bed-chamber, or parts adjacent to it. Sometimes these knocks were loud, sometimes low, sometimes they ceased.

I am free to confess that I was a little over-awed. I lay awake, wondering and disquieted. At length, though the thumping sounds had not altogether come to an end, I extinguished the candle and in due course went to sleep.

I arose in the morning, but late for breakfast, and later than I had intended. The journey and the events of the night had unhinged me. After having been sleepless, I slept long. The servant's knock at the door had not awakened me, and on making my appearance at breakfast I stumbled out my apology to the hostess. I felt, and no doubt, looked weary.

"I hope you slept well," she remarked, in rather a pointed and notable manner and tone. "That room, I fear, is not so comfortable as it might be."

For various reasons I said nothing then on the subject of my disturbed night, the apparition and the subsequent noises.

I was on the point of doing so upon more than one occasion during the day. But, knowing how few persons entertain distinct, intelligible and coherent ideas of the supernatural, I desisted. My tongue itched to speak during the intervals of our conference ; but, with more than usual discretion, I managed to keep complete silence.

I am quite free frankly to confess that I did not exactly like the prospect of passing a similar night of unquiet in the strange and deserted old room. But I am not a coward. I know full well by experience the distinct power of direct angelic protection. "He shall give his angels charge over thee" was a promise which even the meanest and the weakest, I held, might in a due and proper measure appropriate to himself. I went to my room again not at all afraid, though a little ill at ease and somewhat anxious.

The fire, upon which I piled more coal and logs of wood, seemed like a companion, and it lighted up the room most efficiently. I sat, meditating in an arm-chair, before it, for some time, almost until midnight, wondering whether or not I should see the spectral form again. At last I went to bed and there, tossing from side to side, lay awake for some time. I heard the village clock strike twelve. I had previously put out the candles, and only the glow of the firelight remained. Sleep, which I courted, would not come to one so over-tired and jaded. In due course the hour of one was struck on the clock. I was still awake, restless, and certainly a little anxious. Still no spectral form appeared. At length, unusually wearied, I gradually sank to sleep. How long I slept I cannot exactly tell, but, on awaking, I found the room perfectly dark, and then, all at once, to my great disquietude, heard the dull rappings and thumpings of the previous night. In most cases these were slow, monotonous and wearisome. In others they were rapid and lively, some being made, as it appeared, quite close to me, upon the back portion of the head of the bed

Suddenly they sounded overhead, then with equal suddenness under the floor in quite another part of the room ; and then, as if some person was making knocks with his hard knuckles all along the wooden mantelpiece and the interior portions of the window-sills.

Remembering suddenly the contents of an interesting letter which the late Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale had addressed to me from Spain, describing a haunted room, in which he had once slept, where believing that the sounds he heard came from some unquiet soul, undergoing punishment in the exact locality of its transgression, "seeking rest and finding none," it suddenly occurred to me to recite certain psalms, parts of the old *Service for the Departed*. "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God," and "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord : Lord heard my voice."

I did so with all devotional exactitude and reverence, hoping that such sacred words and holy petitions might calm the perturbed spirit, if such it were. For this, I myself took it to be. At the close of every verse, which I recited slowly, dwelling on the beauty and blessing of the consolatory idea, a distinct knock sounded at the head of the bed. And at the end of every psalm, when I was mentally praying, "Grant eternal rest, O Lord ; and pour down perpetual light !" a very tornado of knocks, sharp, violent, and continuous, for several seconds was the distinct and intelligible response which met my own mental action.

I was much impressed, by being thus practically fortified in a religious conviction that spirit may answer spirit, soul respond to soul—which belief for many years I have held with the firmest faith in its unquestioned reality. At length I ceased my recitation and prayer, and with their cessation, the knocks correspondingly came to an end. Commending myself anew to the care of Providence, I soon afterwards slept, and slept soundly until the dawn.

The next morning the lady of the house, finding me alone in the Hall, again expressed a hope that I had slept well. Whether in the manner and terms of my response, I was ambiguous ; or whether I looked anxious and a little astonished, I cannot determine. Anyhow she confidently remarked :

“I inquire, to be frank and plain, because your bedroom is said to be haunted. Of course we none of us believe in ghosts. It’s all fancy ; we all know that. But our servants at one time would not stay. One after the other suddenly gave me warning, saying they had seen some old man in a long dressing-gown, or something like it, walk up and down the outside passage, and round and round the bed in your room. So nothing would induce them to remain.”

“Indeed !” I remarked.

“Yes, and some time ago, when two of my husband’s nieces were staying here one summer, and slept in that room, they also declared that the same old man, whom they too very accurately described, kept wandering round the bed all the night through ; and were so terribly frightened, that they positively refused to sleep in the room again. But you and I of course do not believe in such child’s stories. I think it must be rats, or owls.”

“I am not sure,” I remarked, with all gravity.

“Of course I should not have put you there, only every other room, as you know, was occupied. But let me hear exactly what happened. . . . How sorry I am that you were disturbed ! To say the truth, my husband and I are each inclined to sometimes think that after all there must be something in it.”

I briefly recounted my two nights’ experiences, much as they are here set forth, and in due course bid my host and hostess “adieu.”

The impression left of what I had seen and heard was deep and lasting.

Several months afterwards I received from the rector of St. Cyran's himself a letter from which the following is transcribed:—

“ After a deal of inquiry from all sorts of people hereabouts, I found an old woman, the wife of a lodge-keeper at —— Park, who had been servant in this house nearly sixty years ago. She professed to know all the details which led up to the apparition in our haunted room. Her version of the story is that a young man-servant, obtaining possession of certain secrets of the old bachelor squire who then resided here, basely extorted large sums of money from him under threats of exposure ; and that one night, extortion having been added to extortion, the Squire in a fit of demoniacal anger turned upon and strangled his servant in the room you slept in. Anyhow the man was never again seen, nor his body discovered. The murder, if murder it was, remained unpunished in this world. But there the old Squire ‘walks’ as they say. Some of our people, and several of our servants, have seen him, and so apparently have you.”

Did repentance, I may ask, as I lay down my pen, come too late in this case, or was atonement made, after due temporal punishment, by long endurance and patient waiting ?

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

## Reviews and Views.

AT the distribution of prizes to Academy students, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., in continuation of a paper published in our pages a year ago, delivered an eloquent essay on Art in Etruria and Rome. Speaking of Etruscan Religion, the President said: "Having thus tried with but little success to evoke the outward appearance of the Etruscan people, let us now see what their national temper and characteristics were. And here, though their language is yet an unsolved mystery to us, though no literary work from their hands comes, even in translation, to our assistance—no poem, no history, no written creed—we yet feel solid ground under our feet. We know from other sources what their religion, what their form of government was; and on their art, borrowed though it be, their native temper is written large and plain. If it be true, as has been said, that belief in beneficent gods is a mark of the Aryan stock, then assuredly the Etruscans can lay no claim to a pure descent from it. A superstitious people, with which, as with the Egyptians, all that concerned the dead was an absorbing pre-occupation, they were held in thraldom under a rigid creed of terror and of gloom, a creed obscured by mystic rites and stained in its origin with human blood. Worshipping, among many gods, some that were common to them and to the Greeks, they imparted to these gods a grimness which was their own. No less than nine of their deities wielded the thunder. Tinia, their Zeus, held alone three of the deadly bolts. Mantus, the god of the Kingdom of the Dead, was horrid with writhing snakes and hooded with the skin of a wolf. Serpents wreathed the head of Mania, his queen. Charun, who with the Etruscans corresponded to Hermes, the

silent-footed leader of departed souls, the Psychopompos, was made by them repellent with every grotesque horror. Their rugged realism drew Fate, the inexorable, in the act of driving home with uplifted hammer the iron nail of doom. Over all other gods, removed, inexorable, supreme, sat shrouded deities, the *Involuti*, whose number was unknown, before whom Tinia himself bowed in submission.

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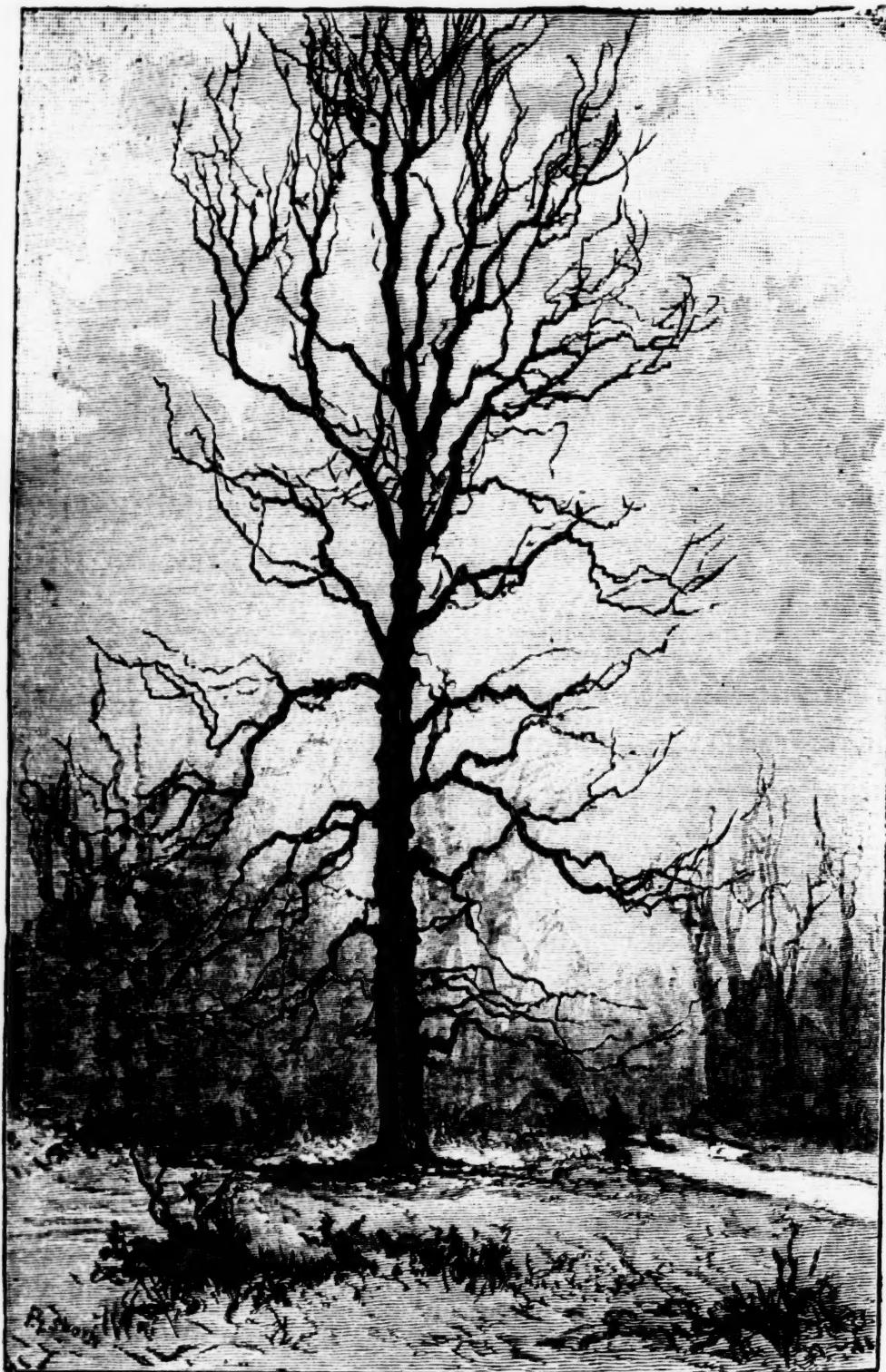
"But this was not enough of haunting mystery," continued the President. "The air was thick with demons and with genii ; to one of these, an elf-child, but with an old man's head, Tages by name, they owed the sacred volumes which held their rule and discipline of faith. To such a faith the art of divination, an Etruscan art, the interpretation of the flight of birds, of entrails, of the skies, of prodigies of every kind, added a fitting complement. And this religion held the Etruscans within a doubly formidable grip, for civil and religious authority went hand in hand in the polity of their State. The overlords of the federated communities, the princely *Lucumones*, were augurs as well as warriors. Great fighters were these proud Etruscans ; shrewd men, too, keen tradesmen, bold navigators, jealous, suffering no rival settlements on their coasts. Like the Assyrians, they were prone to pomp and splendour, enamoured of ceremonial, lovers altogether of the good things of the world, very assiduous at the banquet ; and if the martial Lydian trumpet was given by them to Rome, so also was the Lydian flute, the companion of the feast. And here let us, in passing, note a suggestive fact. So long as their national self-respect endured, so long were their opulent carnalities held in some check by their manly fibre ; but as by degrees they crumbled under the iron hand of Rome into national decay, the flood-gates of their vices were loosened, and they were submerged in the tide of their own corruption. To sum them up, they were a fierce, strong people, imbued in superstition, taking grim views of the

unseen world, views anything but grim in regard to the visible world ; nevertheless, industrious, acute, speculative, learned, and withal loving and fostering art with a sustained passion which cannot but surprise us, for, as a race, they were endowed with little artistic genius."—The whole series of Sir Frederick's lectures will shortly, we are glad to hear, be gathered into a volume.

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In the eyes of antiquity mountains were hideous, and a landscape beautiful according to the measure of its fruitfulness, accessibility, and irrigation. The morning star flickered over dawning peaks, the "solitary morning" walked on the uplands, the noon pencilled the high valleys, the evening dimpled them, in vain : no human eyes found these things beautiful. And some such elementary utilitarianism has long lingered with regard to the neglected beauty of winter. To speak of the charm of winter was to allude to what Emerson calls the "tumultuous privacy" of the hearth on a winter night, to red curtains, and an urn. For nothing was really beautiful except the greenness and the roundness of the time of foliage. It is really Japanese art that taught us to look for the line and the articulation ; and now there is many a painter who would refuse to engage himself in the opulence of summer trees, but whom the dim tints and the clear shapes of the winter world delight. Mr. Heath's "Sylvan Winter" (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) is therefore a book for the time ; and it is not too specially a book for the artist or for the naturalist, but it pictures beauty for the one and life for the other very pleasantly. The author is particularly happy in differentiating trees and their ways of growth, and the various phases and effects of their winter state ; for unlimited as is the diversity of leaf, there is also an endless variety and character in the twig. He tells us much that will be new to all but specialist students as to the mission of hoar frost and the work

of snow. But the snow-landscape is an exceptional appearance, and the true appreciator of the distinctive beauty of winter loves the branch unloaded and the hill-form unblunted by the



“snow like wool.” And some of the best chapters are on the multitudinous animal life of the austere season. We reproduce one from among the many excellent illustrations.

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